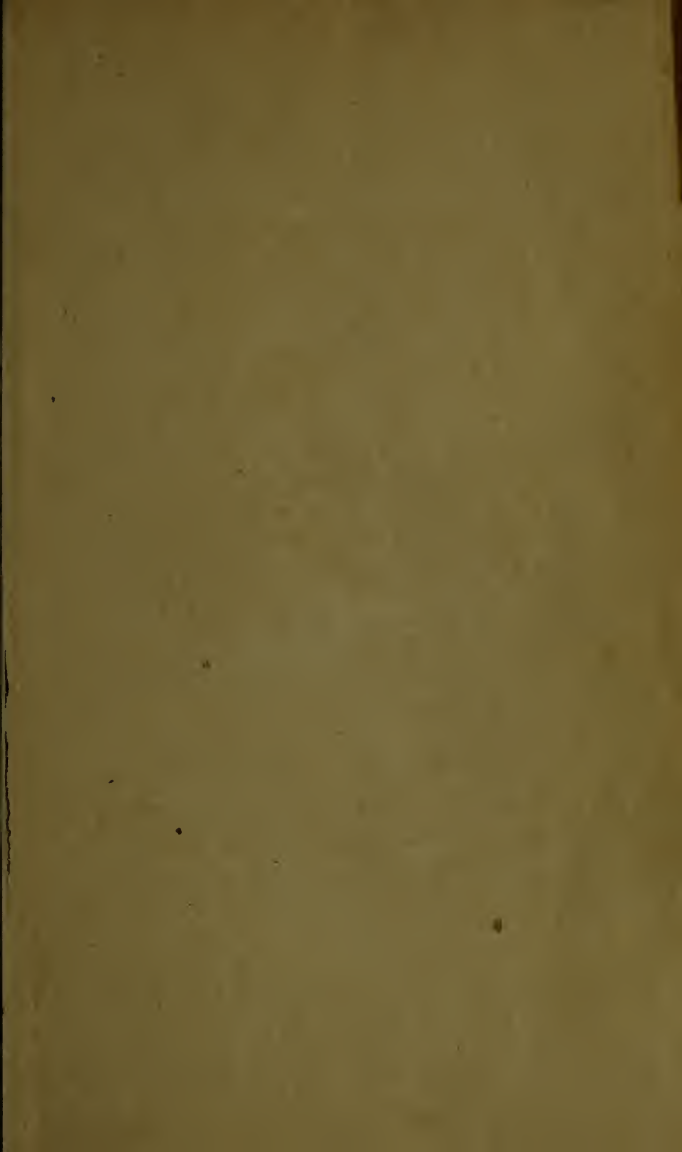


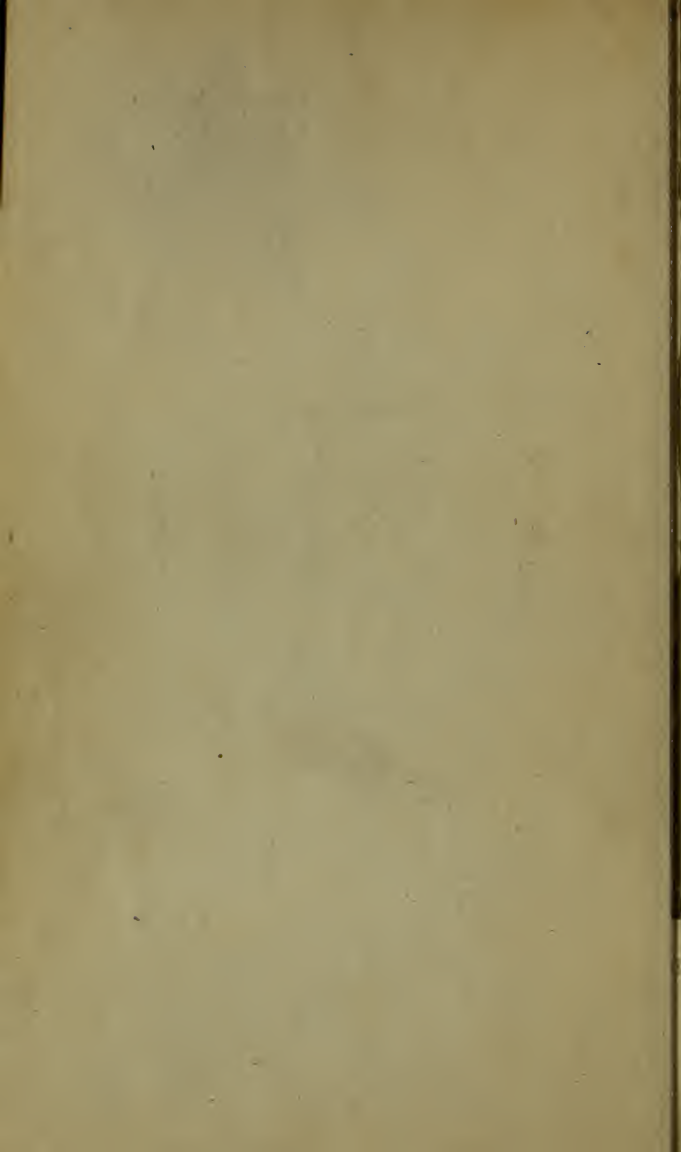




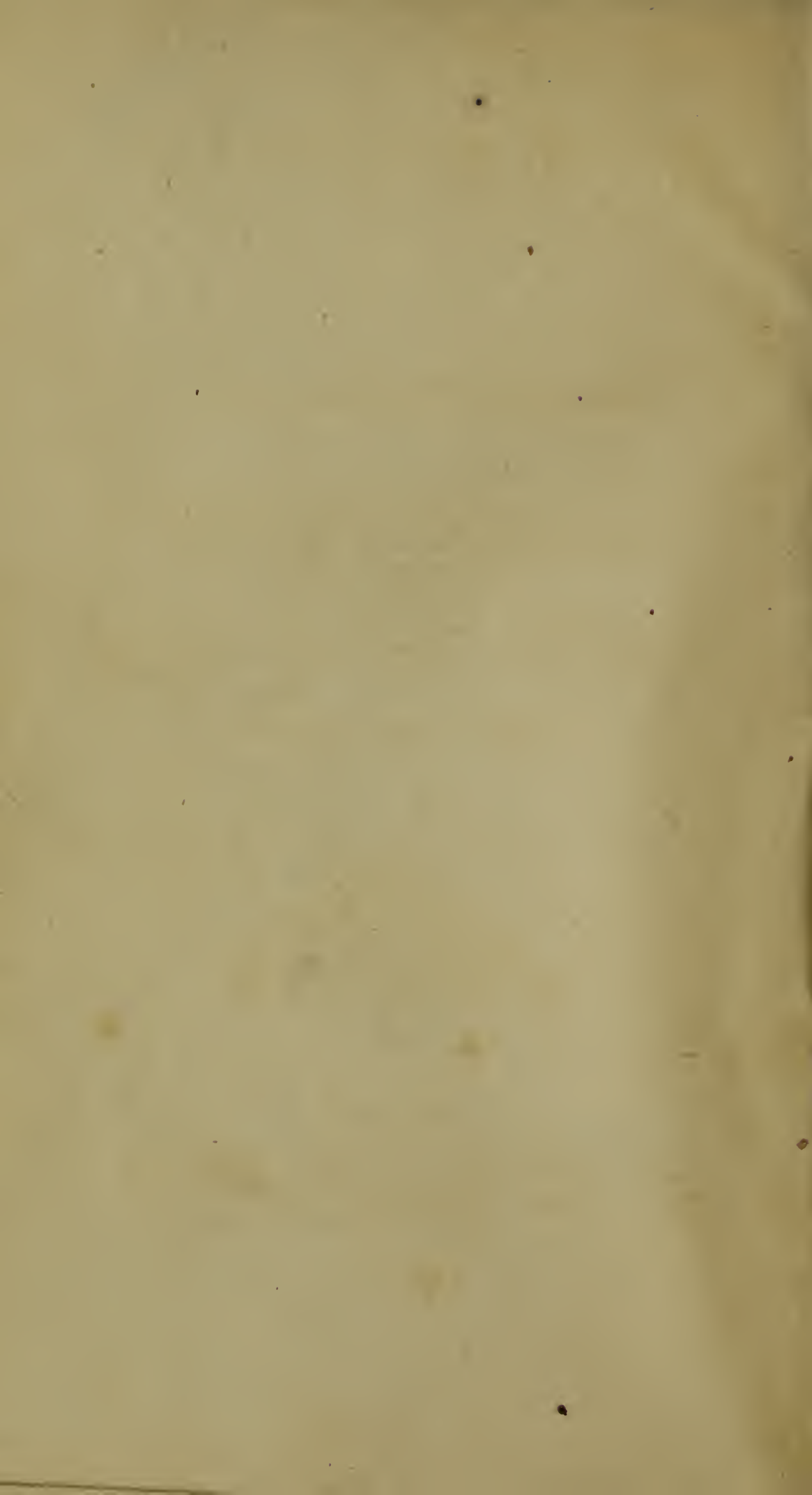
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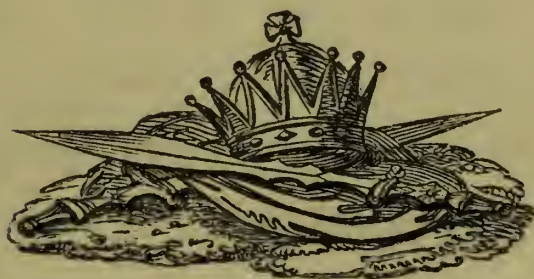
IRISH MELODIES,

BY

THOMAS MOORE, Esq.,

WITH AN APPENDIX, CONTAINING THE ORIGINAL
ADVERTISEMENTS, AND THE PREFATORY
LETTER ON MUSIC.

THE FOURTH EDITION.



LONDON :

PRINTED FOR J. POWER, 34, STRAND,
AND LONGMAN, HURST, REES, ORME, AND BROWN,
PATERNOSTER-ROW.

MDCCCXXIII.

* No. 129 a. 2

Allen A. Brown

Aug 14 1894

The Engravings from the designs of W. H. BROOKE.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY WILLIAM CLOWES,
Northumberland-court.

DEDICATION.

TO THE

MARCHIONESS DOWAGER OF DONEGAL.

It is now many years since, in a Letter prefixed to the Third Number of the Irish Melodies, I had the pleasure of inscribing the Poems of that work to your Ladyship, as to a person whose character reflected honour on the country to which they relate, and whose friendship had long been the pride and happiness of their Author. With the same feelings of affection and respect, confirmed if not increased by the experience of every successive year, I now place those Poems in their present new form under your protection, and am,

With perfect sincerity, your

Ladyship's ever attached friend,

THOMAS MOORE.

Paris, June 10, 1821.

THE HISTORY OF THE

REIGN OF KING CHARLES THE FIRST

IN WHICH IS CONTAINED A FULL AND COMPLETE HISTORY OF HIS REIGN, FROM HIS MARRIAGE TO HIS DEATH, WITH A PARTICULAR ACCOUNT OF THE CAUSES AND CONSEQUENCES OF THE CIVIL WAR, AND THE TRIUMPH OF THE PARLIAMENT.

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON, ESQ.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

LONDON: Printed by J. DODD, in Pall-mall, 1764.

THE SECOND VOLUME.

THE HISTORY OF THE

REIGN OF KING CHARLES THE FIRST

IN WHICH IS CONTAINED A FULL AND COMPLETE HISTORY OF HIS REIGN, FROM HIS MARRIAGE TO HIS DEATH, WITH A PARTICULAR ACCOUNT OF THE CAUSES AND CONSEQUENCES OF THE CIVIL WAR, AND THE TRIUMPH OF THE PARLIAMENT.

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P R E F A C E.

THOUGH an edition of the Poetry of the Irish Melodies, separate from the Music, has long been called for, yet, having, for many reasons, a strong objection to this sort of divorce, I should with difficulty have consented to a disunion of the words from the airs, had it depended solely upon me to keep them quietly and indissolubly together. But, besides the various shapes in which these, as well as my other lyrical writings, have been published throughout America, they are included, of course, in the two editions of all my works printed at Paris, and have lately appeared, in a volume full of typographical errors, in Dublin. I have, therefore, readily acceded to

the wish of the Proprietor of the Irish Melodies, for a revised and complete edition of the poetry of the Eight Numbers, though well aware that it is impossible for these verses to be detached from the beautiful airs to which they were associated, without losing even more than the "*animæ dimidium*" in the process.

The Advertisements which were prefixed to the different numbers, the Prefatory Letter upon Music, &c., will be found in an Appendix at the end of the Volume.

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FIRST NUMBER.



Rich and rare were the gems she wore,
And a bright gold ring on her wand she bore.

THE FIRST IN THE FIELD



THE FIRST IN THE FIELD

IRISH MELODIES.

GO WHERE GLORY WAITS THEE.

Go where glory waits thee,
But while fame elates thee,
Oh ! still remember me.
When the praise thou meetest
To thine ear is sweetest,
Oh ! then remember me.
Other arms may press thee,
Dearer friends caress thee,
All the joys that bless thee,
Sweeter far may be ;
But when friends are nearest,
And when joys are dearest,
Oh ! then remember me.

When, at eve, thou rovest

By the star thou lovest,

Oh ! then remember me.

Think, when home returning,

Bright we've seen it burning,

Oh ! thus remember me.

Oft as summer closes,

When thine eye reposes,

On its ling'ring roses,

Once so lov'd by thee,

Think of her who wove them,

Her, who made thee love them,

Oh ! then remember me.

When, around thee dying,

Autumn leaves are lying,

Oh ! then remember me.

And, at night, when gazing

On the gay hearth blazing,

Oh ! still remember me.

Then should music, stealing

All the soul of feeling,

To thy heart appealing,

Draw one tear from thee ;

Then let memory bring thee

Strains I us'd to sing thee,—

Oh ! then remember me.

WAR SONG.

REMEMBER THE GLORIES OF BRIEN THE BRAVE*.

REMEMBER the glories of BRIEN the brave,
 Tho' the days of the hero are o'er ;
 Tho' lost to MONONIA† and cold in the grave,
 He returns to KINKORA‡ no more !
 That star of the field, which so often has pour'd
 Its beam on the battle, is set ;
 But enough of its glory remains on each sword,
 To light us to victory yet !

MONONIA ! when nature embellish'd the tint
 Of thy fields, and thy mountains so fair,
 Did she ever intend that a tyrant should print
 The footstep of slavery there ?

* Brien Borombe, the great Monarch of Ireland, who was killed at the battle of Clontarf, in the beginning of the 11th century, after having defeated the Danes in twenty-five engagements.

† Munster.

‡ The palace of Brien.

No, Freedom ! whose smile we shall never resign,
 Go, tell our invaders, the Danes,
 That 'tis sweeter to bleed for an age at thy shrine,
 Than to sleep but a moment in chains !

Forget not our wounded companions, who stood*
 In the day of distress by our side ;
 While the moss of the valley grew red with their blood,
 They stirr'd not, but conquer'd and died !
 The sun that now blesses our arms with his light,
 Saw them fall upon OSSORY's plain !
 Oh ! let him not blush, when he leaves us to-night,
 To find that they fell there in vain !

* This alludes to an interesting circumstance related of the Dalgais, the favourite troops of Brien, when they were interrupted in their return from the battle of Clontarf, by Fitzpatrick, prince of Ossory. The wounded men entreated that they might be allowed to fight with the rest.—“ *Let stakes (they said) be stuck in the ground, and suffer each of us, tied to and supported by one of these stakes, to be placed in his rank by the side of a sound man.*” “ Between seven and eight hundred wounded men, (adds O'Halloran,) pale, emaciated, and supported in this manner, appeared mixed with the foremost of the troops :—never was such another sight exhibited.”—*History of Ireland*, Book 12, Chap. 1.

ERIN ! THE TEAR AND THE SMILE IN
THINE EYES.

ERIN ! the tear and the smile in thine eyes,
Blend like the rainbow that hangs in thy skies !
Shining through sorrow's stream,
Saddening through pleasure's beam,
Thy suns, with doubtful gleam,
Weep while they rise !

ERIN ! thy silent tear never shall cease,
ERIN ! thy languid smile ne'er shall increase,
Till, like the rainbow's light,
Thy various tints unite,
And form, in heaven's sight,
One arch of peace !

OH ! BREATH NOT HIS NAME.

OH ! breathe not his name, let it sleep in the shade,
Where cold and unhonour'd his relics are laid :
Sad, silent, and dark, be the tears that we shed,
As the night-dew that falls on the grass o'er his head !

But the night-dew that falls, though in silence it weeps,
Shall brighten with verdure the grave where he sleeps,
And the tear that we shed, though in secret it rolls,
Shall long keep his memory green in our souls.

WHEN HE, WHO ADORES THEE.

WHEN he, who adores thee, has left but the name
Of his fault and his sorrows behind,
Oh ! say wilt thou weep, when they darken the fame
Of a life that for thee was resign'd !
Yes, weep, and however my foes may condemn,
Thy tears shall efface their decree ;
For heaven can witness, though guilty to them,
I have been but too faithful to thee !

With thee were the dreams of my earliest love ;
Every thought of my reason was thine :
In my last humble prayer to the Spirit above,
Thy name shall be mingled with mine !
Oh ! blest are the lovers and friends who shall live
The days of thy glory to see ;
But the next dearest blessing that heaven can give
Is the pride of thus dying for thee.

THE HARP THAT ONCE THROUGH
TARA'S HALLS.

THE harp that once through TARA's halls,
The soul of music shed,
Now hangs as mute on TARA's walls,
As if that soul were fled.—
So sleeps the pride of former days,
So glory's thrill is o'er,
And hearts, that once beat high for praise,
Now feel that pulse no more !

No more to chiefs and ladies bright
The harp of TARA swells ;
The chord, alone, that breaks at night,
Its tale of ruin tells.
Thus Freedom now so seldom wakes,
The only throb she gives,
Is when some heart indignant breaks,
To shew that still she lives.

FLY NOT YET.

FLY not yet, 'tis just the hour,
When pleasure like the midnight flower
That scorns the eye of vulgar light,
Begins to bloom for sons of night

And maids who love the moon !

'Twas but to bless these hours of shade
'That beauty and the moon were made ;
'Tis then their soft attractions glowing
Set the tides and goblets flowing.

Oh ! stay,—Oh ! stay,—

Joy so seldom weaves a chain
Like this to-night, that oh ! 'tis pain
To break its link so soon.

Fly not yet, the fount that play'd
In times of old through AMMON's shade*,
Though icy cold by day it ran,
Yet still, like souls of mirth, began
To burn when night was near ;

* Solis Fons, dear the temple of Ammon.

And thus, should woman's heart and looks
At noon be cold as winter brooks,
Nor kindle till the night returning,
Brings their genial hour for burning.

Oh! stay,—Oh! stay,—
When did morning ever break,
And find such beaming eyes awake
As those that sparkle here!

OH! THINK NOT MY SPIRITS ARE
ALWAYS AS LIGHT.

OH! think not my spirits are always as light,
And as free from a pang as they seem to you now ;
Nor expect that the heart-beaming smile of to-night
Will return with to-morrow to brighten my brow.
No, life is a waste of wearisome hours,

Which seldom the rose of enjoyment adorns ;
And the heart, that is soonest awake to the flowers,
Is always the first to be touch'd by the thorns!
But send round the bowl, and be happy awhile
May we never meet worse in our pilgrimage here,
Than the tear that enjoyment can gild with a smile,
And the smile that compassion can turn to a tear.

The thread of our life would be dark, heaven knows!
If it were not with friendship and love intertwin'd ;
And I care not how soon I may sink to repose,
When these blessings shall cease to be dear to my
mind!

But they who have lov'd the fondest, the purest,
Too often have wept o'er the dream they believ'd ;
And the heart that has slumber'd in friendship securest,
Is happy indeed, if 'twas never deceiv'd.

But send round the bowl, while a relic of truth
 Is in man or in woman, this prayer shall be mine,—
 That the sunshine of love may illumine our youth,
 And the moon-light of friendship console our de-
 cline.

THO' THE LAST GLIMPSE OF ERIN
WITH SORROW I SEE.

THO' the last glimpse of ERIN with sorrow I see,
Yet wherever thou art shall seem ERIN to me ;
In exile thy bosom shall still be my home,
And thine eyes make my climate wherever we roam.

To the gloom of some desert or cold rocky shore,
Where the eye of the stranger can haunt us no more,
I will fly with my COULIN, and think the rough wind
Less rude than the foes we leave frowning behind.

And I'll gaze on thy gold hair, as graceful it wreathes,
And hang o'er thy soft harp, as wildly it breathes ;
Nor dread that the cold-hearted Saxon will tear
One chord from that harp, or one lock from that hair*.

* "In the twenty-eighth year of the reign of Henry VIII. an Act was made respecting the habits, and dress in general, of the Irish, whereby all persons were restrained from being shorn or shaven above the ears, or from wearing Glibbes, or *Coulins*, (long locks,) on their heads, or hair on their upper lip, called *Crommeal*. On this occasion a song was written by one of our bards, in which an Irish virgin is made to give the preference to her dear *Coulin*, (or the youth with the flowing locks,) to all strangers, (by which the English were meant,) or those who wore their habits. Of this song the air alone has reached us, and is universally admired."—WALKER'S *Historical Memoirs of Irish Bards*, page 134. Mr. Walker informs us also, that about the same period, there were some harsh measures taken against the Irish Minstrels.

RICH AND RARE WERE THE GEMS
SHE WORE*.

RICH and rare were the gems she wore,
And a bright gold ring on her wand she bore ;
But oh ! her beauty was far beyond
Her sparkling gems, or snow-white wand.

“ Lady ! dost thou not fear to stray,
“ So lone and lovely through this bleak way ?
“ Are ERIN’s sons so good or so cold,
“ As not to be tempted by woman or gold ?”

“ Sir Knight ! I feel not the least alarm,
“ No son of ERIN will offer me harm :—
“ For though they love woman and golden store,
“ Sir Knight ! they love honour and virtue more !”

* This ballad is founded upon the following anecdote: “The people were inspired with such a spirit of honour, virtue and religion, by the great example of Brien, and by his excellent administration, that as a proof of it, we are informed that a young lady of great beauty, adorned with jewels and a costly dress, undertook a journey alone, from one end of the kingdom to the other, with a wand only in her hand, at the top of which was a ring of exceeding great value ; and such an impression had the laws and government of this Monarch made on the minds of all the people, that no attempt was made upon her honour, nor was she robbed of her clothes or jewels.”—WARNER’S *History of Ireland*, Vol. I. Book 10.

On she went, and her maiden smile
In safety lighted her round the green isle.
And blest for ever is she who relied
Upon ERIN'S honour, and ERIN'S pride !

AS A BEAM O'ER THE FACE OF THE
WATERS MAY GLOW.

As a beam o'er the face of the waters may glow,
While the tide runs in darkness and coldness below,
So the cheek may be ting'd with a warm sunny smile,
Though the cold heart to ruin runs darkly the while.

One fatal remembrance, one sorrow that throws
Its bleak shade alike o'er our joys and our woes,
To which life nothing darker or brighter can bring,
For which joy has no balm and affliction no sting!—

Oh! this thought in the midst of enjoyment will stay,
Like a dead, leafless branch in the summer's bright ray;
The beams of the warm sun play round it in vain,
It may smile in his light, but it blooms not again!

THE MEETING OF THE WATERS*.

THERE is not in the wide world a valley so sweet
As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet† ;
Oh ! the last rays of feeling and life must depart,
Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart.

Yet, it *was* not that nature had shed o'er the scene
Her purest of crystal and brightest of green ;
'Twas *not* the soft magic of streamlet or hill,
Oh ! no,—it was something more exquisite still.

'Twas that friends, the belov'd of my bosom, were near,
Who made every dear scene of enchantment more dear,
And who felt how the best charms of nature improve,
When we see them reflected from looks that we love.

* "The Meeting of the Waters," forms a part of that beautiful scenery which lies between Rathdrum and Arklow, in the county of Wicklow, and these lines were suggested by a visit to this romantic spot, in the summer of the year 1807.

† The rivers Avon and Avoca.

Sweet vale of AVOCA! how calm could I rest
 In thy bosom of shade, with the friends I love best,
 Where the storms that we feel in this cold world should
 cease,
 And our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled in peace!



SECOND NUMBER.



How dear to me the hour when day-light dies,
And sunbeams melt along the silent sea.

REIGN OF CHARLES THE FIRST, IN WHICH ARE CONTAINED THE
 PARTICULARS OF HIS LIFE AND DEATH, AND THE
 HISTORY OF THE PARLIAMENTS, AND THE
 STATE OF THE NATION, FROM THE BEGINNING OF HIS REIGN
 TO HIS DEATH.

BY JOHN BURNET, BISHOP OF SALISBURY.

LONDON, Printed by J. B. 1677.



Printed by J. B. 1677.

ST. SENANUS AND THE LADY.

ST. SENANUS*.

"OH! haste and leave this sacred isle,
 "Unholy bark, ere morning smile;
 "For on thy deck, tho' dark it be,
 "A female form I see;
 "And I have sworn this sainted sod
 "Shall ne'er by woman's feet be trod!"

* In a metrical life of St. Senanus, which is taken from an old Kilkenny MS., and may be found among the *Acta Sanctorum Hiberniæ*, we are told of his flight to the island of Scatterry and his resolution not to admit any woman of the party; he refused to receive even a sister saint, St. Cannera, whom an angel had taken to the island for the express purpose of introducing her to him. The following was the ungracious answer of Senanus, according to his poetical biographer:

*Cui Præsul, quid fæminis
 Commune est cum monachis?
 Nec te nec ullam aliam
 Admittemus in insulam.*

See the ACTA SANCT. HIB. Page 610.

According to Dr. Ledwich, St. Senanus was no less a personage than the River Shannon; but O'Connor, and other Antiquarians, deny this metamorphose indignantly.

THE LADY.

“ Oh! Father, send not hence my bark,
“ Through wintry winds and billows dark :
“ I come with humble heart to share
 “ Thy morn and evening prayer ;
“ Nor mine the feet, oh ! holy Saint,
“ The brightness of thy sod to taint.”

The Lady's prayer SENANUS spurn'd ;
The winds blew fresh, the bark return'd,
But legends hint, that had the maid
 Till morning's light delay'd,
And given the saint one rosy smile.
She ne'er had left his lonely isle.

HOW DEAR TO ME THE HOUR.

How dear to me the hour when day-light dies,
And sunbeams melt along the silent sea,
For then sweet dreams of other days arise,
And memory breathes her vesper sigh to thee.

And, as I watch the line of light, that plays
Along the smooth wave tow'rd the burning west,
I long to tread that golden path of rays,
And think 'twould lead to some bright isle of rest !

TAKE BACK THE VIRGIN PAGE.

Written on returning a Blank Book.

TAKE back the virgin page,
White and unwritten still ;
Some hand, more calm and sage,
The leaf must fill.

Thoughts come, as pure as light,
Pure as even *you* require ;
But oh ! each word I write,
Love turns to fire.

Yet let me keep the book ;
Oft shall my heart renew
When on its leaves I look,
Dear thoughts of you !
Like you, 'tis fair and bright ;
Like you, too bright and fair
To let wild passion write
One wrong wish there !

Haply, when from those eyes
Far, far away I roam,
Should calmer thoughts arise
Tow'rds you and home ;
Fancy may trace some line,
Worthy those eyes to meet,
Thoughts that not burn, but shine
Pure, calm, and sweet !

And, as the records are,
Which wandering seamen keep,
Led by their hidden star
Through the cold deep ;
So may the words I write
Tell thro' what storms I stray,
You still the unseen light,
Guiding my way !

THE LEGACY.

WHEN in death I shall calm recline,
O bear my heart to my mistress dear ;
Tell her it liv'd upon smiles and wine
Of the brightest hue, while it linger'd here ;
Bid her not shed one tear of sorrow
To sully a heart so brilliant and light ;
But balmy drops of the red grape borrow,
To bathe the relic from morn till night.

When the light of my song is o'er,
Then take my harp to your ancient hall ;
Hang it up at that friendly door,
Where weary travellers love to call*.
Then if some bard, who roams-forsaken,
Revive its soft note in passing along,
Oh ! let one thought of its master waken
Your warmest smile for the child of song.

* " In every house was one or two harps, free to all travellers, who were the more caressed, the more they excelled in music."
—O'HALLORAN.

Keep this cup, which is now o'erflowing,
To grace your revel, when I 'm at rest ;
Never, oh ! never its balm bestowing
On lips, that beauty hath seldom blest !
But when some warm devoted lover
To her he adores shall bathe its brim,
Then, then my spirit around shall hover,
And hallow each drop that foams for him.

HOW OFT HAS THE BENSHEE CRIED.

How oft has the Benshee cried !
How oft has Death untied
Bright links that Glory wove,
Sweet bonds, entwin'd by Love !
Peace to each manly soul that sleepeth !
Rest to each faithful eye that weepeth !
Long may the fair and brave
Sigh o'er the hero's grave.

We 're fallen upon gloomy days*,
Star after star decays,
Every bright name, that shed
Light o'er the land, is fled.
Dark falls the tear of him who mourneth
Lost joy, or hope that ne'er returneth,
But brightly flows the tear,
Wept o'er a hero's bier !

* I have endeavoured here, without losing that Irish character, which it is my object to preserve throughout this work, to allude to the sad and ominous fatality, by which England has been deprived of so many great and good men, at a moment when she most requires all the aids of talent and integrity.

Oh ! quench'd are our beacon lights—
Thou, of the hundred fights* !
Thou, on whose burning tongue †
Truth, peace, and freedom hung !
Both mute, but long as valour shineth,
Or mercy's soul at war repineth,
So long shall ERIN's pride,
Tell how they liv'd and died.

* This designation, which has been applied to LORD NELSON before, is the title given to a celebrated Irish Hero, in a Poem by O'Gnive, the bard of O'Niel, which is quoted in the " Philosophical Survey of the South of Ireland." Page 433. " Con, of the hundred fights, sleep in thy grass-grown tomb, and upbraid not our defeats with thy victories!"

† Fox " ultimus Romanorum."

WE MAY ROAM THRO' THIS WORLD.

WE may roam thro' this world, like a child at a feast,
Who but sips of a sweet, and then flies to the rest ;
And, when pleasure begins to grow dull in the east,
We may order our wings, and be off to the west ;
But if hearts that feel, and eyes that smile,
Are the dearest gifts that heaven supplies,
We never need leave our own green isle,
For sensitive hearts, and for sun-bright eyes.
Then remember, wherever your goblet is crown'd,
Thro' this world whether eastward or westward you
 roam,
When a cup to the smile of dear woman goes round,
Oh ! remember the smile which adorns her at home.

IN ENGLAND, the garden of beauty is kept
By a dragon of prudery, plac'd within call ;
But so oft this unamiable dragon has slept,
That the garden's but carelessly watch'd after all.
Oh ! they want the wild, sweet-briery fence,
Which round the flowers of ERIN dwells,
Which warns the touch, while winning the sense,
Nor charms us least when it most repels.

Then remember, wherever your goblet is crown'd,
Thro' this world, whether eastward or westward you
 roam,
When a cup to the smile of dear woman goes round,
Oh ! remember the smile which adorns her at home.

In FRANCE, when the heart of a woman sets sail,
On the ocean of wedlock its fortune to try,
Love seldom goes far in a vessel so frail
But just pilots her off, and then bids her good-bye !
While the daughters of ERIN keep the boy
Ever smiling beside his faithful oar,
Through billows of woe, and beams of joy
The same as he look'd, when he left the shore.
Then remember, wherever your goblet is crown'd,
Thro' this world, whether eastward or westward you
 roam,
When a cup to the smile of dear woman goes round,
Oh ! remember the smile which adorns her at home.

EVELEEN'S BOWER.

OH ! weep for the hour,
When to EVELEEN'S bower,
The Lord of the valley with false vows came ;
The moon hid her light
From the heavens that night,
And wept behind her clouds o'er the maiden's shame.
The clouds past soon,
From the chaste cold moon,
And heaven smil'd again with her vestal flame ,
But none will see the day,
When the clouds shall pass away,
Which that dark hour left upon EVELEEN'S fame.

The white snow lay
On the narrow path-way,
When the Lord of the valley crost over the moor ;
And many a deep print
On the white snow's tint
Shew'd the track of his foot-step to EVELEEN'S door.
The next sun's ray
Soon melted away
Every trace on the path where the false Lord came ;
But there's a light above,
Which alone can remove
That stain upon the snow of fair EVELEEN'S fame.

LET ERIN REMEMBER THE DAYS OF OLD.

LET ERIN remember the days of old,
 Ere her faithless sons betray'd her ;
 When MALACHI wore the collar of gold*,
 Which he won from her proud invader ;
 When her kings with standard of green unfurl'd
 Led the Red-Branch Knights to danger† ;—
 Ere the emerald gem of the western world
 Was set in the crown of a stranger.

* "This brought on an encounter between Malachi (the Monarch of Ireland in the tenth century) and the Danes, in which Malachi defeated two of their champions, whom he encountered successively hand to hand, taking a collar of gold from the neck of one, and carrying off the sword of the other, as trophies of his victory." —WARNER'S *History of Ireland* Vol. 1. Book 9.

† "Military orders of knights were very early established in Ireland ; long before the birth of Christ we find an hereditary order of Chivalry in Ulster, called *Curaidhe na Craoibhe ruadh*, or the Knights of the Red Branch, from their chief seat in Emania, adjoining to the palace of the Ulster kings, called *Teagh na Craoibhe ruadh*, or the Academy of the Red Branch ; and contiguous to which was a large hospital, founded for the sick knights and soldiers, called *Bron-bhearg*, or the House of the Sorrowful Soldier."—O'HALLORAN'S *Introduction*, &c. Part 1. Chap. 5.

On LOUGH NEAGH's bank as the fisherman strays*,
 When the clear, cold eve's declining,
 He sees the round towers of other days,
 In the wave beneath him shining ;
 Thus shall memory often, in dreams sublime,
 Catch a glimpse of the days that are over ;
 Thus, sighing, look through the waves of time
 For the long-faded glories they cover !

* It was an old tradition, in the time of Giraldus, that Lough Neagh had been originally a fountain, by whose sudden overflowing the country was inundated, and a whole region, like the Atlantis of Plato, overwhelmed. He says that the fishermen, in clear, weather, used to point out to strangers the tall ecclesiastical towers under the water. *Piscatores aquæ illius turres, ecclesiasticas, quæ more patriæ arctæ sunt et altæ, necnon et rotundæ, sub undis manifeste, sereno tempore conspiciunt, et extraneis transcurrentibus, reique causas admirantibus, frequenter ostendunt.*—
 TOPOGR. HIB. DIST. 2. C. 9.

THE SONG OF FIONNUALA*.

SILENT, oh MOYLE ! be the roar of thy water,
Break not, ye breezes, your chain of repose,
While murmuring mournfully, LIR's lonely daughter
Tells to the night-star her tale of woes.
When shall the swan, her death-note singing,
Sleep, with wings in darkness furl'd ?
When will heaven, its sweet bell ringing,
Call my spirit from this stormy world ?

Sadly, oh MOYLE ! to thy winter-wave weeping,
Fate bids me languish long ages away ;
Yet still in her darkness doth ERIN lie sleeping,
Still doth the pure light its dawning delay !

* To make this story intelligible in a song, would require a much greater number of verses than any one is authorized to inflict upon an audience at once ; the reader must therefore be content to learn, in a note, that Fionnnuala, the daughter of Lir, was, by some supernatural power, transformed into a Swan, and condemned to wander, for many hundred years, over certain lakes and rivers in Ireland, till the coming of Christianity, when the first sound of the mass-bell was to be the signal of her release. —I found this fanciful fiction among some manuscript translations from the Irish, which were begun under the direction of that enlightened friend of Ireland, the late Countess of Moira.

When will that day-star, mildly springing
Warm our isle with peace and love?
When will heaven, its sweet bell ringing,
Call my spirit to the fields above?

COME, SEND ROUND THE WINE.

COME, send round the wine, and leave points of belief
To simpleton sages, and reasoning fools ;
This moment 's a flower too fair and brief,
To be wither'd and stain'd by the dust of the schools.
Your glass may be purple, and mine may be blue,
But, while they are fill'd from the same bright bowl,
The fool, who would quarrel for difference of hue,
Deserves not the comfort they shed o'er the soul.

Shall I ask the brave soldier, who fights by my side
In the cause of mankind, if our creeds agree ?
Shall I give up the friend I have valued and tried,
If he kneel not before the same altar with me ?
From the heretic girl of my soul should I fly,
To seek somewhere else a more orthodox kiss ?
No! perish the hearts, and the laws that try
Truth, valour or love by a standard like this !

SUBLIME WAS THE WARNING.

SUBLIME was the warning which Liberty spoke,
And grand was the moment when Spaniards awoke
Into life and revenge from the conqueror's chain !
Oh Liberty ! let not this spirit have rest,
Till it move, like a breeze, o'er the waves of the west—
Give the light of your look to each sorrowing spot,
Nor oh ! be the Shamrock of ERIN forgot,
While you add to your garland the Olive of SPAIN !

If the fame of our fathers, bequeath'd with their rights,
Give to country its charm, and to home its delights,
If deceit be a wound and suspicion a stain ;
Then ! ye men of IBERIA, our cause is the same,
And oh ! may his tomb want a tear and a name,
Who would ask for a nobler, a holier death,
Than to turn his last sigh into victory's breath
For the Shamrock of ERIN, and Olive of SPAIN !

YE BLAKES and O'DONNELS, whose fathers resign'd
The green hills of their youth, among strangers to find
That repose which, at home, they had sigh'd for in
vain,

Join, join in our hope that the flame, which you light,
May be felt yet in ERIN, as calm, and as bright,
And forgive even ALBION, while blushing she draws,
Like a truant, her sword, in the long-slighted cause
Of the Shamrock of ERIN, and Olive of SPAIN.

God prosper the cause !—oh ! it cannot but thrive,
While the pulse of one patriot heart is alive,
Its devotion to feel, and its rights to maintain ;
Then, how sainted by sorrow, its martyrs will die !
The finger of Glory shall point where they lie,
While, far from the footstep of coward or slave,
The young spirit of Freedom shall shelter their grave
Beneath Shamrocks of ERIN and Olives of SPAIN.

**BELIEVE ME, IF ALL THOSE ENDEARING
YOUNG CHARMS.**

BELIEVE me, if all those endearing young charms,
Which I gaze on so fondly to-day,
Were to change by to-morrow, and fleet in my arms,
Like fairy gifts fading away!
Thou wouldst still be ador'd, as this moment thou art,
Let thy loveliness fade as it will,
And, around the dear ruin, each wish of my heart
Would entwine itself verdantly still.

It is not, while beauty and youth are thine own,
And thy cheeks unprofan'd by a tear,
That the fervour and faith of a soul can be known,
To which time will but make thee more dear!

Oh ! the heart that has truly lov'd, never forgets,
But as truly loves on to the close,
As the sun-flower turns on her god, when he sets,
The same look which she turn'd when he rose !



THIRD NUMBER.



But while o'er the roses too carelessly leaning,
Her zone flew in two and the heart's-ease was lost.

ERIN! OH ERIN!

LIKE the bright lamp, that shone in KILDARE'S holy
fane*,

And burn'd thro' long ages of darkness and storm,
Is the heart, that afflictions have come o'er in vain,
Whose spirit outlives them, unfading and warm!

ERIN! oh ERIN! thus bright, thro' the tears
Of a long night of bondage, thy spirit appears!

The nations have fallen, and thou still art young,
Thy sun is but rising, when others are set;
And, tho' slavery's cloud o'er thy morning hath hung,
The full noon of freedom shall beam round thee yet,
ERIN! oh ERIN! tho' long in the shade,
Thy star will shine out, when the proudest shall fade

* The inextinguishable fire of St. Bridget, at Kildare, which Giraldus mentions, "Apud Kildariam occurrit Ignis Sanctæ Brigidæ, quem inextinguibilem vocant; non quod extingui non possit, sed quod tam sollicitè moniales et sanctæ mulieres ignem, suppetente materia, foveant et nutriunt ut à tempore virginis per tot annorum curricula semper mansit inextinctus."—GIRALD. CAMB. *de Mirabil. Hibern.* Dist. 2. c. 34.

Unchill'd by the rain, and unwak'd by the wind,
 The lily lies sleeping thro' winter's cold hour,
 Till Spring, with a touch, her dark slumber unbind,
 And day-light and liberty bless the young flower*.
 ERIN! oh ERIN! *thy* winter is past,
 And the hope that liv'd thro' it, shall blossom at last.

* Mrs. H. Tighe, in her exquisite lines on the lily, has applied this image to a still more important subject.

DRINK TO HER.

DRINK to her, who long
Hath wak'd the poet's sigh ;
The girl, who gave to song
What gold could never buy.
Oh! woman's heart was made
For minstrel hands alone ;
By other fingers play'd,
It yields not half the tone.
Then, here 's to her, who long
Hath waked the poet's sigh,
The girl, who gave to song
What gold could never buy !

At Beauty's door of glass
When Wealth and Wit once stood,
They ask'd her, "*which* might pass?"
She answer'd, " he, who could."
With golden key Wealth thought
To pass—but 'twould not do :
While Wit a diamond brought,
Which cut his bright way through !

So here's to her, who long
 Hath wak'd the poet's sigh,
 The girl, who gave to song
 What gold could never buy!

The Love that seeks a home
 Where wealth or grandeur shines,
 Is like the gloomy gnome,
 That dwells in dark gold mines.
 But oh! the poet's love
 Can boast a brighter sphere;
 Its native home's above,
 Tho' woman keeps it here!
 Then drink to her, who long
 Hath wak'd the poet's sigh,
 The girl, who gave to song
 What gold could never buy!

OH! BLAME NOT THE BARD*.

OH! blame not the bard, if he fly to the bowers,
 Where pleasure lies, carelessly smiling at fame ;
 He was born for much more, and in happier hours,
 His soul might have burn'd with a holier flame.
 The string, that now languishes loose o'er the lyre,
 Might have bent a proud bow to the warrior's dart†,
 And the lip, which now breathes but the song of desire
 Might have pour'd the full tide of a patriot's heart !

* We may suppose this apology to have been uttered by one of those wandering bards, whom Spencer so severely, and perhaps, truly, describes in his *State of Ireland*, and whose poems, he tells us, " Were sprinkled with some pretty flowers of their natural device, which gave good grace and comeliness unto them, the which it is great pity to see abused to the gracing of wickedness and vice, which, with good usage, would serve to adorn and beautify virtue."

† It is conjectured by Wormius, that the name of Ireland is derived from *Yr*, the Runic for a *bow*, in the use of which weapon the Irish were once very expert. This derivation is certainly more creditable to us than the following, " So that Ireland, (called the land of *Ire*, for the constant broils therein for 400 years,) was now become the land of concord."—LLOYD'S *State Worthies*, Art. The Lord Grandison.

But alas ! for his country—her pride is gone by,
And that spirit is broken, which never would bend ;
O'er the ruin her children in secret must sigh,
For 'tis treason to love her, and death to defend.
Unpriz'd are her sons, till they 've learn'd to betray ;
Undistinguish'd they live, if they shame not their
sires ;
And the torch, that would light them through dignity's
way,
Must be caught from the pile, where their country
expires !

Then blame not the bard, if, in pleasure's soft dream,
He should try to forget, what he never can heal ;
Oh ! give but a hope—let a vista but gleam
Through the gloom of his country and mark how
he'll feel !
That instant, his heart at her shrine would lay down
Every passion it nurs'd, every bliss it ador'd,
While the myrtle, now idly entwin'd with his crown,
Like the wreath of HARMODIUS should cover his
sword*.

* See the Hymn, attributed to Alcæus, *Εν μυρτου κλαδι το ξιφος φορησω*—"I will carry my sword, hidden in myrtles, like Harmodius and Aristogiton," &c.

But tho' glory be gone, and tho' hope fade away,
Thy name loved ERIN! shall live in his songs,
Not ev'n in the hour, when his heart is most gay,
Will he lose the remembrance of thee and thy
wrongs!

The stranger shall hear thy lament on his plains ;
The sigh of thy harp shall be sent o'er the deep,
Till thy masters themselves, as they rivet thy chains,
Shall pause at the song of their captive and weep !

WHILE GAZING ON THE MOON'S LIGHT.

WHILE gazing on the moon's light,
A moment from her smile I turn'd,
To look at orbs, that, more bright,
In lone and distant glory burn'd.
But, *too* far,
Each proud star,
For me to feel its warming flame—
Much more dear
That mild sphere,
Which near our planet smiling came* ;
Thus, Mary, be but thou my own—
While brighter eyes unheeded play,
I'll love those moon-light looks alone,
Which bless my home and guide my way !

* "Of such celestial bodies as are visible, the sun excepted, the single moon, as despicable as it is in comparison to most of the others, is much more beneficial than they all put together."—WHISTON'S *Theory*, &c.

In the *Entretiens d'Ariste*, among other ingenious emblems, we find a starry sky without a moon, with the words *Non mille, quod absens*.

The day had sunk in dim showers,
But midnight now, with lustre meek,
Illumin'd all the pale flowers,
Like hope, that lights a mourner's cheek.

I said (while
The moon's smile
Play'd o'er a stream in dimpling bliss,)

“ The moon looks

“ On many brooks,

“ The brook can see no moon but this* ;’

And thus, I thought our fortunes run,

For many a lover looks to thee,

While oh ! I feel there is but *one*,

One Mary in the world for me.

* This image was suggested by the following thought, which occurs somewhere in Sir William Jones's works, “ The moon looks upon many night-flowers, the night-flower sees but one moon.”

ILL OMENS.

WHEN day-light was yet sleeping under the billow,
And stars in the heavens still lingering shone,
Young KITTY, all blushing, rose up from her pillow,
The last time she ere was to press it alone.
For the youth, whom she treasur'd her heart and her
soul in,
Had promis'd to link the last tie before noon ;
And, when once the young heart of a maiden is stolen,
The maiden herself will steal after it soon !

As she look'd in the glass, which a woman ne'er misses,
Nor ever wants time for a sly glance or two,
A butterfly, fresh from the night-flower's kisses,
Flew over the mirror, and shaded her view.
Enrag'd with the insect for hiding her graces,
She brush'd him—he fell, alas ! never to rise—
“ Ah such,” said the girl, “ is the pride of our faces,
“ For which the soul's innocence too often dies !”

While she stole thro' the garden, where heart's-ease
was growing,

She cull'd some, and kiss'd off its night-fallen dew ;
And a rose, further on, looked so tempting and
glowing,

That, spite of her haste, she must gather it too:
But, while o'er the roses too carelessly leaning,

Her zone flew in two, and the heart's-ease was lost—
“ Ah ! this means,” said the girl, (and she sigh'd at its
meaning,)

“ That love is scarce worth the repose it will cost !”

BEFORE THE BATTLE

By the hope within us springing,
Herald of to-morrow's strife ;
By that sun, whose light is bringing
Chains or freedom, death or life—
Oh ! remember, life can be
No charm for him, who lives not free !
Like the day-star in the wave,
Sinks a hero in his grave,
Midst the dew-fall of a nation's tears !

Happy is he, o'er whose decline
The smiles of home may soothing shine
And light him down the steep of years :—
But oh ! how grand they sink to rest,
Who close their eyes on victory's breast !

O'er his watch-fire's fading embers
Now the foeman's cheek turns white,
When his heart that field remembers,
Where we dimm'd his glory's light !

Never let him bind again
A chain, like that we broke from then.
Hark! the horn of combat calls—
Ere the golden evening falls,
May we pledge that horn in triumph round*!

Many a heart, that now beats high,
In slumber cold at night shall lie,
Nor waken even at victory's sound:—
But oh! how blest that hero's sleep,
O'er whom a wondering world shall weep!

* "The Irish Corna was not entirely devoted to martial purposes. In the heroic ages, our ancestors quaffed Meadh out of them, as the Danish hunters do their beverage at this day."—WALKER.

AFTER THE BATTLE.

NIGHT clos'd around the conqueror's way,
And lightnings shew'd the distant hill,
Where those, who lost that dreadful day,
Stood few and faint, but fearless still !
The soldier's hope, the patriot's zeal,
For ever dimm'd, for ever crost—
Oh ! who shall say what heroes feel,
When all but life and honour's lost !

The last sad hour of freedom's dream,
And valour's task, mov'd slowly by,
While mute they watch'd, till morning's beam
Should rise, and give them light to die !—
There is a world, where souls are free,
Where tyrants taint not nature's bliss ;
If death that world's bright opening be,
Oh ! who would live a slave in this ?

OH! 'TIS SWEET TO THINK.

OH! 'tis sweet to think, that, where'er we rove,
 We are sure to find something, blissful and dear ;
 And that, when we're far from the lips we love,
 We have but to make love to the lips we are near* !
 The heart, like a tendril, accusom'd to cling,
 Let it grow where it will, cannot flourish alone,
 But will lean to the nearest, and loveliest thing,
 It can twine with itself, and make closely its own.
 Then oh ! what pleasure, where'er we rove,
 To be doom'd to find something, still, that is dear,
 And to know, when far from the lips we love,
 We have but to make love to the lips we are near.

'Twere a shame, when flowers around us rise,
 To make light of the rest, if the rose is not there ;
 And the world's so rich in resplendent eyes,
 'Twere a pity to limit one's love to a pair.

* I believe it is Marmontel, who says, "*Quand on n'a pas ce que l'on aime, il faut aimer ce que l'on a.*"—There are so many matter-of-fact people, who take such *jeux d'esprit* as this defence of inconstancy, to be the actual and genuine sentiments of him, who writes them, that they compel one, in self-defence, to be as matter-of-fact as themselves, and to remind them, that Democritus was not the worse physiologist, for having playfully contended that snow was black: nor Erasmus, in any degree, the less wise, for having written an ingenious encomium of folly.

Love's wing and the peacock's are nearly alike,
They are both of them bright, but they're change-
able too,

And, wherever a new beam of beauty can strike,
It will tincture love's plume with a different hue!

Then oh! what pleasure, where'er we rove,
To be doom'd to find something, still, that is dear,

And to know, when far from the lips we love,
We have but to make love to the lips we are near.

THE IRISH PEASANT TO HIS
MISTRESS.

THROUGH grief and through danger thy smile hath
cheer'd my way,
Till hope seem'd to bud from each thorn that round
me lay ;
The darker our fortune, the brighter our pure love
burn'd,
Till shame into glory, till fear into zeal was turn'd ;
Oh ! slave as I was, in thy arms my spirit felt free,
And bless'd even the sorrows that made me more dear
to thee.

Thy rival was honour'd, while thou wert wrong'd and
scorn'd,
Thy crown was of briers, while gold her brows adorn'd
She woo'd me to temples, whilst thou lay'st hid in
caves,
Her friends were all masters, while thine, alas ! were
slaves ;
Yet, cold in the earth, at thy feet I would rather be
Than wed what I lov'd not, or turn one thought from
thee.

They slan ler thee sorely, who say thy vows are frail—
Hadst thou been a false one, thy cheek had look'd less
pale!

They say too, so long thou hast worn those lingering
chains,

That deep in thy heart they have printed their servile
stains—

Oh! do not believe them—no chain could that soul
subdue—

Where shineth *thy* spirit, there liberty shineth too*!

* “Where the spirit of the Lord is there is, liberty.”—St. PAUL,
2 Corinthians, iii. 17.

ON MUSIC.

WHEN thro' life unblest we rove,
Losing all that made life dear,
Should some notes we us'd to love
In days of boyhood, meet our ear,
Oh! how welcome breathes the strain!
Wakening thoughts that long have slept;
Kindling former smiles again,
In faded eyes that long have wept!

Like the gale, that sighs along
Beds of oriental flowers,
Is the grateful breath of song,
That once was heard in happier hours;
Fill'd with balm, the gale sighs on,
Though the flowers have sunk in death;
So, when pleasure's dream is gone,
Its memory lives in Music's breath!

Music!—oh! how faint how weak,
Language fades before thy spell!
Why should feeling ever speak,
When thou canst breathe her soul so well?

Friendship's balmy words may feign,
 Love's are ev'n more false than they ;
 Oh ! 'tis only Music's strain
 Can sweetly soothe, and not betray !

IT IS NOT THE TEAR AT THIS
MOMENT SHED*.

It is not the tear at this moment shed,
When the cold turf has just been laid o'er him,
That can tell how belov'd was the friend that's fled,
Or how deep in our hearts we deplore him.

'Tis the tear, thro' many a long day wept,
Thro' a life, by his loss all shaded ;
'Tis the sad remembrance, fondly kept
When all lighter griefs have faded !

Oh ! thus shall we mourn, and his memory's light,
While it shines thro' our hearts, will improve them,
For worth shall look fairer, and truth more bright,
When we think how he liv'd but to love them !
And, as buried saints have giv'n perfume
To shrines where they've been lying,
So our hearts shall borrow a sweet'ning bloom
From the image he left there in dying !

* These lines were occasioned by the loss of a very near and dear relative, who died lately at Madeira.

THE ORIGIN OF THE HARP.

'Tis believ'd that this Harp which I wake now for thee,
Was a Siren of old, who sung under the sea ;
And who, often at eve, thro' the bright billow rov'd
To meet, on the green shore, a youth whom she lov'd.

But she lov'd him in vain, for he left her to weep,
And in tears, all the night, her gold ringlets to steep,
Till Heav'n look'd, with pity, on true-love so warm,
And chang'd to this soft Harp the sea-maiden's form !

Still her bosom rose fair—still her cheek smil'd the
same—

While her sea-beauties gracefully curl'd round the
frame ;

And her hair, shedding tear-drops from all its bright
rings,

Fell over her white arm, to make the gold strings * !

* This thought was suggested by an ingenious design, prefixed to an Ode upon St. Cecilia, published some years since, by Mr. Hudson of Dublin.

Hence it came, that this soft Harp so long hath been
known

To mingle love's language with sorrow's sad tone ;
Till *thou* didst divide them, and teach the fond lay
To be love, when I 'm near thee, and grief when away !



FOURTH NUMBER.



Ah! little they think who delight in her strains,
How the heart of the minstrel is breaking!

THE HISTORY OF THE



OF THE

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.

OH ! the days are gone, when Beauty bright
My heart's chain wove ;
When my dream of life, from morn till night,
Was love, still love !
New hope may bloom,
And days may come,
Of milder, calmer beam,
But there 's nothing half so sweet in life,
As love's young dream !
Oh ! there 's nothing half so sweet in life,
As love's young dream !

'Tho' the bard to purer fame may soar,
When wild youth's past ;
'Tho' he win the wise, who frown'd before,
To smile at last ;
He 'll never meet
A joy so sweet
In all his noon of fame,
As when first he sung to woman's ear
His soul-felt flame,
And, at every close, she blush'd to hear
The one lov'd name

Oh! that hallow'd form is ne'er forgot,
Which first love trac'd ;
Still it lingering haunts the greenest spot
On memory's waste !
'Twas odour fled
As soon as shed ;
'Twas morning's winged dream:
'Twas a light that ne'er can shine again,
On life's dull stream !
Oh! 'twas a light, that ne'er can shine again
On life's dull stream!

THE PRINCE'S DAY*.

Tho' dark are our sorrows, to-day we'll forget them,
And smile through our tears, like a sun-beam in
showers ;

There never were hearts, if our rulers would let them,
More form'd to be grateful and blest than ours!

But, just when the chain

Has ceas'd to pain,

And hope has enwreath'd it round with flowers,

There comes a new link

Our spirit to sink—

Oh! the joy that we taste, like the light of the poles,

Is a flash amid darkness, too brilliant to stay ;

But tho' 'twere the last little spark in our souls,

We must light it up now, on our Prince's Day.

Contempt on the minion, who calls you disloyal!

Tho' fierce to your foe, to your friends you are true ;

And the tribute most high to a head that is royal,

Is love from a heart, that loves liberty too.

* This song was written for a fête in honour of the Prince of Wales's Birth-Day, given by my friend, Major Bryan, at his seat in the county of Kilkenny.

While cowards, who blight
Your fame, your right,
Would shrink from the blaze of the battle array,
The Standard of Green
In front would be seen—
Oh! my life on your faith! were you summon'd this
minute,
You'd cast every bitter remembrance away,
And shew what the arm of old ERIN has in it,
When rous'd by the foe, on her Prince's Day.

He loves the Green Isle, and his love is recorded
In hearts, which have suffer'd too much to forget ;
And hope shall be crown'd, and attachment rewarded,
And ERIN's gay jubilee shine out yet!
The gem may be broke
By many a stroke,
But nothing can cloud its native ray ;
Each fragment will cast
A light, to the last!—
And thus, ERIN, my country! tho' broken thou art,
There's a lustre within thee, that ne'er will decay;
A spirit, which beams through each suffering part,
And now smiles at their pain, on the Prince's Day!

WEEP ON, WEEP ON.

WEEP on, weep on, your hour is past ;
Your dreams of pride are o'er ;
The fatal chain is round you cast,
And you are men no more !
In vain the hero's heart hath bled ;
The sage's tongue hath warn'd in vain ;—
Oh, Freedom ! once thy flame hath fled,
It never lights again !

Weep on—perhaps, in after days,
They'll learn to love your name ;
When many a deed shall wake in praise,
That now must sleep in blame
And when they tread the ruin'd isle,
Where rest, at length, the lord and slave,
They'll wondering ask, how hands so vile
Could conquer hearts so brave ?

“ 'Twas fate,” they'll say, “ a wayward fate
“ Your web of discord wove ;
“ And while your tyrants join'd in hate,
“ You never join'd in love !

“ But hearts fell off, that ought to twine,
“ And man profan'd what God hath given,
“ Till some were heard to curse the shrine,
“ Where others knelt to heaven !”

LESBIA HATH A BEAMING EYE.

LESBIA hath a beaming eye,
But no one knows for whom it beameth ;
Right and left its arrows fly,
But what they aim at no one dreameth !
Sweeter 'tis to gaze upon
My NORA's lid, that seldom rises ;
Few its looks, but every one,
Like unexpected light, surprises !
Oh, my NORA CREINA, dear !
My gentle, bashful NORA CREINA !
Beauty lies
In many eyes,
But love in yours, my NORA CREINA !

LESBIA wears a robe of gold,
But all so close the nymph hath lac'd it,
Not a charm of beauty's mould
Presumes to stay where nature plac'd it !
Oh ! my NORA's gown for me,
That floats as wild as mountain breezes,
Leaving every beauty free
To sink or swell, as Heaven pleases !

Yes, my NORA CREINA, dear !
My simple, graceful NORA CREINA !

Nature's dress
Is loveliness—

The dress *you* wear, my NORA CREINA

LESBIA hath a wit refin'd,

But, when its points are gleaming round us,
Who can tell if they 're design'd

To dazzle merely, or to wound us ?
Pillow'd on my NORA's heart,

In safer slumber Love reposes—
Bed of peace ! whose roughest part
Is but the crumpling of the roses.

Oh, my NORA CREINA, dear !
My mild, my artless, NORA CREINA !

Wit, tho' bright,
Hath not the light
That warms your eyes, my NORA CREINA !

I SAW THY FORM IN YOUTHFUL
PRIME.

I SAW thy form in youthful prime,
Nor thought that pale decay
Would steal before the steps of time,
And waste its bloom away, MARY!
Yet still thy features wore that light,
Which fleets not with the breath;
And life ne'er look'd more truly bright
Than in thy smile of death, MARY!

As streams that run o'er golden mines,
Yet humbly, calmly glide,
Nor seem to know the wealth that shines
Within their gentle tide, MARY!
So, veil'd beneath the simplest guise,
Thy radiant genius shone,
And that, which charm'd all other eyes,
Seem'd worthless in thy own, MARY,

If souls could always dwell above,
Thou ne'er hadst left that sphere;
Or could we keep the souls we love,
We ne'er had lost thee here, MARY.

Though many a gifted mind we meet,
 Though fairest forms we see,
 To live with them is far less sweet,
 Than to remember thee, MARY*!

* I have here made a feeble effort to imitate that exquisite inscription of Shenstone's, "Hæu! quanto minus est cum reliquis versari quam tui meminisse!"

BY THAT LAKE, WHOSE GLOOMY
SHORE*.

By that Lake, whose gloomy shore
Sky-lark never warbles o'er †,
Where the cliff hangs high and steep,
Young Saint KEVIN stole to sleep.
“Here, at least,” he calmly said,
“Woman ne'er shall find my bed.”
Ah! the good saint little knew
What that wily sex can do.

'Twas from KATHLEEN's eyes he flew,
Eyes of most unholy blue!
She had lov'd him well and long,
Wish'd him her's, nor thought it wrong.
Wheresoe'er the saint would fly,
Still he heard her light foot nigh;
East or west, where'er he turn'd,
Still her eyes before him burn'd.

* This Ballad is founded upon one of the many stories related of St. Kevin, whose bed in the rock is to be seen at Glendalough, a most gloomy and romantic spot in the County of Wicklow.

† There are many other curious traditions concerning this Lake, which may be found in Giraldus, Colgan, &c.

On the bold cliff's bosom cast,
Tranquil now he sleeps at last ;
Dreams of heav'n, nor thinks that e'er
Woman's smile can haunt him there.
But nor earth, nor heaven is free
From her power, if fond she be :
Even now, while calm he sleeps,
KATHLEEN o'er him leans and weeps.

Fearless she had track'd his feet,
To this rocky, wild retreat ;
And when morning met his view,
Her mild glances met it too.
Ah ! your Saints have cruel hearts !
Sternly from his bed he starts,
And with rude, repulsive shock,
Hurls her from the beetling rock.

GLENDALOUGH ! thy gloomy wave
Soon was gentle KATHLEEN's grave !
Soon the Saint (yet ah ! too late,)
Felt her love, and mourn'd her fate.
When he said, "Heav'n rest her soul !"
Round the Lake light music stole ;
And her ghost was seen to glide,
Smiling, o'er the fatal tide !

SHE IS FAR FROM THE LAND.

SHE is far from the land where her young hero sleeps,
And lovers are round her, sighing ;
But coldly she turns from their gaze, and weeps,
For her heart in his grave is lying !

She sings the wild song of her dear native plains,
Every note which he lov'd awaking.—
Ah ! little they think who delight in her strains,
How the heart of the Minstrel is breaking !

He had liv'd for his love, for his country he died,
They were all that to life had entwin'd him,—
Nor soon shall the tears of his country be dried,
Nor long will his love stay behind him.

Oh ! make her a grave, were the sun-beams rest,
When they promise a glorious morrow ;
They'll shine o'er her sleep, like a smile from the West,
From her own lov'd Island of sorrow !

NAY, TELL ME NOT.

NAY, tell me not, dear ! that the goblet drowns

One charm of feeling, one fond regret ;

Believe me, a few of thy angry frowns

Are all I've sunk in its bright wave yet.

Ne'er hath a beam

Been lost in the stream

That ever was shed from thy form or soul

The balm of thy sighs,

The light of thine eyes,

Still float on the surface, and hallow my bowl !

Then fancy not, dearest ! that wine can steal

One blissful dream of the heart from me !

Like founts that awaken the pilgrim's zeal,

The bowl but brightens my love for thee !

They tell us that Love in his fairy bower

Had two blush-roses, of birth divine ;

He sprinkled the one with a rainbow's shower,

But bath'd the other with mantling wine.

Soon did the buds,

That drank of the floods,

Distill'd by the rainbow decline and fade ;
While those which the tide
Of Ruby had dy'd
All blush'd into beauty, like thee, sweet maid !
'Then fancy not, dearest ! that wine can steal
One blissful dream of the heart from me ;
Like founts, that awaken the pilgrim's zeal,
The bowl but brightens my love for thee.

AVENGING AND BRIGHT.

AVENGING and bright fall the swift sword of ERIN*

On him who the brave sons of USNA betray'd!—
 For ev'ry fond eye he hath waken'd a tear in,
 A drop from his heart-wounds shall weep o'er her
 blade.

* The words of this song were suggested by the very ancient Irish story called "Deirdri, or the lamentable fate of the sons of Usnach," which has been translated literally from the Gaelic, by Mr. O'FLANAGAN, (see vol. 1. of *Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Dublin*,) and upon which it appears that the "Darthula of Macpherson is founded. The treachery of Conor, King of Ulster, in putting to death the three sons of Usna, was the cause of a desolating war against Ulster, which terminated in the destruction of Eman. "This story (says Mr. O'FLANAGAN) has been, from time immemorial, held in high repute as one of the three tragic stories of the Irish. These are, 'The death of the children of Touran;' 'The death of the children of Lear,' (both regarding Tuatha de Danans,) and this, 'The death of the children of Usnach,' which is a Milesian story." It will be recollected, that in the Second Number of these Melodies, there is a ballad upon the story of the children of Lear or Lir; "Silent, oh Moyle!" &c.

Whatever may be thought of those sanguine claims to antiquity, which Mr. O'FLANAGAN and others advance for the literature of Ireland, it would be a very lasting reproach upon our nationality, if the Gaelic researches of this gentleman did not meet with all the liberal encouragement they merit.

By the red cloud that hung over CONOR's dark
dwelling*,

When ULAD's three champions lay sleeping in
gore †—

By the billows of war which, so often, high swelling,
Have wafted these heroes to victory's shore!—

We swear to revenge them!—no joy shall be tasted,
The harp shall be silent, the maiden unwed,
Our halls shall be mute, and our fields shall lie wasted,
Till vengeance is wreak'd on the murderer's head!

Yes, monarch! though sweet are our home recollections,
Though sweet are the tears that from tenderness
fall;

Though sweet are our friendships, our hopes, our af-
fections,
Revenge on a tyrant is sweetest of all!

* “Oh Nasí! view the cloud that I here see in the sky! I see
over Eman green a chilling cloud of blood-tinged red.”—*Deirdri's
Song*.

† Ulster.

WHAT THE BEE IS TO THE FLOWERET.

He.—WHAT the bee is to the floweret,
When he looks for honey-dew,
Through the leaves that close embower it,
That, my love, I'll be to you!

She.—What the bank, with verdure glowing,
Is to waves that wander near,
Whispering kisses, while they're going,
That I'll be to you, my dear!

She.—But, they say, the bee's a rover,
That he'll fly, when sweets are gone;
And, when once the kiss is over,
Faithless brooks will wander on!

He.—Nay, if flowers *will* lose their looks,
If sunny banks *will* wear away,
'Tis but right, that bees and brooks
Should sip and kiss them, while they may.

LOVE AND THE NOVICE.

“ HERE we dwell, in holiest bowers,
“ Where angels of light o’er our orisons bend ;
“ Where sighs of devotion and breathings of flowers,
“ To heaven in mingled odour ascend !
“ Do not disturb our calm, oh Love !
“ So like is thy form to the cherubs above,
“ It well might deceive such hearts as ours.”

Love stood near the Novice, and listen’d,
And Love is no novice in taking a hint ;
His laughing blue eyes now with piety glisten’d ;
His rosy wing turn’d to heaven’s own tint.
“ Who would have thought,” the urchin cries,
“ That Love could so well, so gravely disguise
“ His wandering wings, and wounding eyes ?”

Love now warms thee, waking and sleeping,
Young Novice, to him all thy orisons rise ;
He tinges the heavenly fount with his weeping,
He brightens the censer’s flame with his sighs.
Love is the Saint, enshrined in thy breast,
And angels themselves would admit such a guest,
If he came to them, cloth’d in Piety’s vest

THIS LIFE IS ALL CHEQUER'D WITH
PLEASURES AND WOES.

THIS life is all chequer'd with pleasures and woes,
That chase one another, like waves of the deep,—
Each billow, as brightly or darkly it flows,
Reflecting our eyes, as they sparkle or weep.
So closely our whims on our miseries tread,
That the laugh is awak'd, ere the tear can be dried ;
And, as fast as the rain-drop of Pity is shed,
The goose-feathers of Folly can turn it aside.
But pledge me the cup—if existence would cloy,
With hearts ever happy, and heads ever wise,
Be ours the light Grief, that is sister to joy,
And the short, brilliant Folly, that flashes and dies !

When HYLAS was sent with his urn to the fount,
Thro' fields full of sun-shine, with heart full of play,
Light rambled the boy over meadow and mount,
And neglected his task for the flowers on the way*.

* *Proposito florem prætulit officio.*—PROPERT. Lib. 1, Eleg. 20.

Thus some who, like me, should have drawn and have
tasted

The fountain that runs by Philosophy's shrine,
Their time with the flowers on the margin have wasted,
And left their light urns all as empty as mine !
But pledge me the goblet—while Idleness weaves
Her flowerets together, if Wisdom can see
One bright drop or two, that has fall'n on the leaves
From her fountain divine, 'tis sufficient for me !



FIFTH NUMBER.



The minstrel-boy to the war is gone,
In the ranks of death you'll find him.

OH THE SHAMROCK !

THROUGH ERIN'S Isle,
 To sport awhile,
 As LOVE and VALOUR wander'd,
 With WIT, the sprite,
 Whose quiver bright
 A thousand arrows squander'd ;
 Where'er they pass
 A triple grass *
 Shoots up, with dew-drops streaming,
 As softly green
 As emeralds, seen
 Thro' purest crystal gleaming !
 Oh the Shamrock, the green, immortal Shamrock !
 Chosen leaf
 Of Bard and Chief,
 Old ERIN's native Shamrock !

* Saint Patrick is said to have made use of that species of the trefoil, to which in Ireland we give the name of Shamrock, in explaining the doctrine of the Trinity to the Pagan Irish. I do not know if there be any other reason for our adoption of this plant as a national emblem. HOPE, among the ancients, was sometimes represented as a beautiful child, "standing upon tip-toes, and a trefoil or three-coloured grass in her hand."

Says VALOUR, "See,
 " They spring for me,
 " Those leafy gems of morning!"—
 Says LOVE, "No, no,
 " For *me* they grow,
 " My fragrant path adorning!"—
 But WIT perceives
 The tripple leaves,
 And cries, "Oh! do not sever
 " A type, that blends
 " Three god-like friends,
 " LOVE, VALOUR, WIT, for ever!"
 Oh the Shamrock, the green, immortal Shamrock,
 Chosen leaf
 Of Bard and Chief,
 Old ERIN's native Shamrock!
 So firmly fond
 May last the bond,
 They wove that morn together,
 And ne'er may fall
 One drop of gall
 On WIT's celestial feather!
 May LOVE, as shoot
 His flowers and fruit,

Of thorny falsehood weed 'em !
 May VALOUR ne'er
 His standard rear
Against the cause of freedom !
Oh the Shamrock, the green, immortal Shamrock !
 Chosen leaf
 Of Bard and Chief,
Old ERIN's native Shamrock !

AT THE MID HOUR OF NIGHT.

AT the mid hour of night, when stars are weeping, I fly,
To the lone vale we lov'd, when life was warm in thine eye,
And I think that, if spirits can steal from the regions of air,
To revisit past scenes of delight, thou wilt come to me there,
And tell me our love is remember'd, even in the sky !

Then I sing the wild song it once was rapture to hear,
When our voices, commingling, breath'd, like one on the ear ;
And, as Echo far off through the vale my sad orison rolls,
I think, oh my love ! 'tis thy voice from the kingdom of souls*,
Faintly answering still the notes that once were so dear.

* "There are countries," says MONTAIGNE, "where they believe the souls of the happy live in all manner of liberty, in delightful fields ; and that it is those souls, repeating the words we utter, which we call Echo."

ONE BUMPER AT PARTING.

ONE bumper at parting !—tho' many
Have circled the board since we met,
The fullest, the saddest of any
Remains to be crown'd by us yet.
The sweetness that pleasure has in it,
Is always so slow to come forth,
That seldom, alas, till the minute
It dies, do we know half its worth !
But fill—may our life's happy measure
Be all of such moments made up ;
They're born on the bosom of Pleasure,
They die 'midst the tears of the cup.

As onward we journey, how pleasant
To pause and inhabit awhile
Those few sunny spots, like the present,
That 'mid the dull wilderness smile !
But Time like a pitiless master,
Cries, "onward !" and spurs the gay hours,
And never does Time travel faster,
Than when his way lies among flowers.

But come—may our life's happy measure
Be all of such moments made up
They're born on the bosom of Pleasure,
They die midst the tears of the cup.

This evening, we saw the sun sinking,
In waters his glory made bright—
Oh! trust me, our farewell of drinking
Should be like that farewell of light.
You saw how he finish'd, by darting
His beam o'er a deep billow's brim—
So fill up, let's shine at our parting,
In full, liquid glory like him.
And oh! may our life's happy measure
Of moments like this be made up ;
'Twas born on the bosom of Pleasure,
It dies 'mid the tears of the cup !

'TIS THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

'Tis the last rose of summer,
Left blooming alone ;
All her lovely companions
Are faded and gone ;
No flower of her kindred,
No rose-bud is nigh,
To reflect back her blushes,
Or give sigh for sigh !

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one !
To pine on the stem ;
Since the lovely are sleeping,
Go, sleep thou with them ;
hus kindly I scatter
Thy leaves o'er the bed,
Where thy mates of the garden
Lie scentless and dead.

So soon may *I* follow,
When friendships decay,
And from Love's shining circle
The gems drop away !

When true hearts lie wither'd,
 And fond ones are flown,
 Oh ! who would inhabit
 This bleak world alone ?

THE YOUNG MAY MOON.

THE young May moon is beaming, love,
The glow-worm's lamp is gleaming, love,
How sweet to rove
Through MORNA's grove*,
While the drowsy world is dreaming, love!
Then awake!—the heavens look bright, my dear!
'Tis never too late for delight, my dear!
And the best of all ways
To lengthen our days
Is to steal a few hours from the night, my dear!

Now all the world is sleeping, love,
But the Sage, his star-watch keeping, love,
And I, whose star,
More glorious far,
Is the eye from that casement peeping, love.!

* "Steals silently to Morna's Grove."

See a translation from the Irish, in Mr. Bunting's collection, by JOHN BROWN, one of my earliest college companions and friends, whose death was as singularly melancholy and unfortunate as his life had been amiable, honourable and exemplary.

Then awake!—till rise of sun, my dear,
 The Sage's glass we'll shun, my dear,
 Or, in watching the flight
 Of bodies of light,
 He might happen to take thee for one, my dear

THE MINSTREL-BOY.

THE Minstrel-Boy to the war is gone,
In the ranks of death you 'll find him.
His father's sword he has girded on,
And his wild harp slung behind him.—
“ Land of song !” said the warrior-bard,
“ Tho' all the world betrays thee,
“ *One* sword, at least, thy rights shall guard,
“ *One* faithful harp shall praise thee !”

The Minstrel fell !—but the foeman's chain,
Could not bring his proud soul under ;
The harp he lov'd ne'er spoke again,
For he tore its chords asunder ;
And said, “ No chains shall sully thee,
“ Thou soul of love and bravery !
“ Thy songs were made for the pure and free,
“ They shall never sound in slavery !”

THE SONG OF O'RUARK,

PRINCE OF BREFFNI*.

THE valley lay smiling before me,
Where lately I left her behind ;
Yet I trembled, and something hung o'er me,
That sadden'd the joy of my mind.

* These stanzas are founded upon an event of most melancholy importance to Ireland ; if, as we are told by our Irish historians, it gave England the first opportunity of profiting by our divisions and subduing us. The following are the circumstances as related by O'Halloran. " The king of Leinster had long conceived a violent affection for Dearbhorgil, daughter to the king of Meath, and though she had been for some time married to O'Ruark, prince of Breffni, yet it could not restrain his passion. They carried on a private correspondence, and she informed him that O'Ruark intended soon to go on a pilgrimage, (an act of piety frequent in those days) and conjured him to embrace that opportunity of conveying her from a husband she detested, to a lover she adored. Mac Murchad too punctually obeyed the summons, and had the lady conveyed to his capital of Ferns."—The monarch Roderic espoused the cause of O'Ruark, while Mac Murchad fled to England, and obtained the assistance of Henry II.

" Such", adds Giraldus Cambrensis (as I find him in an old translation,) " is the variable and fickle nature of woman, by whom all mischief in the world (for the most part) do happen and come, as may appear by Marcus Antonius, and by the destruction of Troy."

I look'd for the lamp which, she told me,
Should shine, when her Pilgrim return'd,
But, though darkness began to infold me,
No lamp from the battlements burn'd !

I flew to her chamber—'twas lonely
As if the lov'd tenant lay dead !—
Ah, would it were death, and death only !
But no, the young false one had fled.
And there hung the lute, that could soften
My very worst pains into bliss,
While the hand that had wak'd it so often,
Now throbb'd to a proud rival's kiss.

There *was* a time, falsest of women !
When BREFFNI's good sword would have sought
That man, thro' a million of foemen,
Who dar'd but to doubt thee *in thought* !
While now—oh degenerate daughter
Of ERIN, how fall'n is thy fame ;
And, thro' ages of bondage and slaughter,
Our country shall bleed for thy shame.

Already, the curse is upon her,
And strangers her valleys profane ;
They come to divide—to dishonour,
And tyrants they long will remain !

But, onward!—the green banner rearing,
 Go, flesh every sword to the hilt
 On *our* side is VIRTUE and ERIN
 On *theirs* is THE SAXON and GUILT.

OH! HAD WE SOME BRIGHT LITTLE
ISLE OF OUR OWN.

OH! had we some bright little Isle of our own,
In a blue summer ocean, far off and alone,
Where a leaf never dies in the still-blooming bowers,
And the bee banquets on through a whole year of
flowers.

Where the sun loves to pause
With so fond a delay,
That the night only draws
A thin vale o'er the day ;
Where simply to feel that we breathe, that we live,
Is worth the best joy that life elsewhere can give

There, with souls ever ardent and pure as the clime,
We should love, as they lov'd in the first golden time ;
The glow of the sunshine, the balm of the air,
Would steal to our hearts, and make all summer there !

With affection, as free
 From decline as the bowers,
 And, with Hope, like the bee,
 Living always on flowers,
 Our life should resemble a long day of light,
 And our death come on, holy and calm as the night!

FAREWELL!—BUT, WHENEVER YOU
WELCOME THE HOUR.

FAREWELL!—but, whenever you welcome the hour,
That awakens the night song of mirth in your bower,
Then think of the friend who once welcom'd it too,
And forgot his own griefs to be happy with you.
His griefs may return—not a hope may remain
Of the few that have brighten'd his pathway of pain—
But he ne'er will forget the short vision, that threw
Its enchantment around him, while ling'ring with you!

And still on that evening, when pleasure fills up
To the highest top sparkle each heart and each cup,
Where'er my path lies, be it gloomy or bright,
My soul, happy friends! shall be with you that night;
Shall join in your revels, your sports, and your wiles,
And return to me, beaming all o'er with your smiles!—
Too blest, if it tells me that, 'mid the gay cheer,
Some kind voice had murmur'd, "I wish he were here!"

Let Fate do her worst, there are relics of joy,
Bright dreams of the past, which she cannot destroy ;
Which come, in the night-time of sorrow and care,
And bring back the features that joy us'd to wear.
Long, long be my heart with such memories fill'd !
Like the vase, in which roses have once been distill'd—
You may break, you may ruin, the vase, if you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still.

OH! DOUBT ME NOT.

OH! doubt me not—the season
Is o'er, when Folly made me rove,
And now the vestal Reason
Shall watch the fire awak'd by Love.
Altho' this heart was early blown,
And fairest hands disturb'd the tree,
They only shook some blossoms down,
Its fruit has all been kept for thee.
Then doubt me not—the season
Is o'er, when Folly made me rove,
And now the vestal Reason
Shall watch the fire awak'd by Love.

And tho' my lute no longer
May sing of Passion's ardent spell,
Yet, trust me, all the stronger
I feel the bliss I do not tell.
The bee thro' many a garden roves,
And hums his lay of courtship o'er,
But when he finds the flower he loves,
He settles there, and hums no more.

Then doubt me not—the season
Is o'er when Folly kept me free,
And now the vestal Reason
Shall guard the flame awak'd by thee.

YOU REMEMBER ELLEN*.

YOU remember ELLEN, our hamlet's pride,
How meekly she bless'd her humble lot,
When the stranger, WILLIAM, had made her his bride,
And love was the light of their lowly cot.
Together they toil'd through winds and rains,
Till WILLIAM at length, in sadness, said,
"We must seek our fortune on other plains ;"
Then, sighing, she left her lowly shed.

They roam'd a long and a weary way,
Nor much was the maiden's heart at ease,
When now, at close of one stormy day,
They see a proud castle among the trees.
"To-night," said the youth, "we'll shelter there ;"
"The wind blows cold, the hour is late ;"
So, he blew the horn with a chieftain's air,
And the Porter bow'd, as they pass'd the gate.

* This Ballad was suggested by a well-known and interesting story told of a certain noble family in England.

"Now, welcome, Lady!" exclaim'd the youth,—
 "This castle is thine, and these dark woods all,"
 She believ'd him wild, but his words were truth,
 For **ELLEN** is Lady of Rosna Hall!
 And dearly the **Lord** of Rosna loves
 What **WILLIAM** the stranger woo'd and wed;
 And the light of bliss, in these lordly groves,
 Is pure as it shone in the lowly shed.

I'D MOURN THE HOPES.

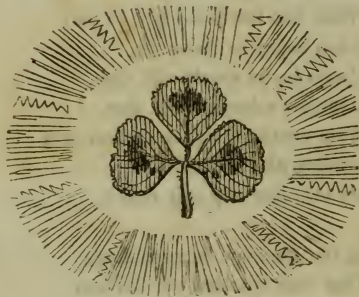
I'D mourn the hopes that leave me,
If thy smiles had left me too ;
I'd weep, when friends deceive me,
If thou wert, like them, untrue.
But while I've thee before me,
With heart so warm and eyes so bright,
No clouds can linger o'er me,
That smile turns them all to light !

'Tis not in fate to harm me,
While fate leaves thy love to me ;
'Tis not in joy to charm me,
Unless joy be shar'd with thee.
One minute's dream about thee
Were worth a long, an endless year
Of waking bliss without thee ;
My own love, my only dear !

And, tho' the hope be gone, love,
That long sparkled o'er our way,
Oh ! we shall journey on, love,
More safely, without its ray.

Far better lights shall win me
Along the path I've yet to roam,—
The mind, that burns within me,
And pure smiles from thee at home.

Thus, when the lamp that lighted
The traveller, at first goes out,
He feels awhile benighted,
And looks round, in fear and doubt.
But soon, the prospect clearing,
By cloudless star-light on he treads,
And thinks no lamp so cheering
As that light which Heaven sheds.



SIXTH NUMBER.



Come o'er the sea,
Maiden! with me.

COME O'ER THE SEA.

COME o'er the sea,
Maiden! with me,
Mine thro' sunshine, storm, and snows!
Seasons may roll,
But the true soul
Burns the same, where'er it goes.
Let fate frown on, so we love and part not
'Tis life where *thou* art, 'tis death where thou art not
Then come o'er the sea,
Maiden! with me,
Come wherever the wild wind blows ;
Seasons may roll,
But the true soul
Burns the same, where'er it goes.

Is not the Sea
Made for the Free,
Land for courts and chains alone ?
Here we are slaves,
But, on the waves,
Love and Liberty 's all our own

No eye to watch, and no tongue to wound us,
All earth forgot, and all heaven around us—

Then come o'er the sea,

Maiden! with me,

Mine thro' sunshine, storm, and snows!

Seasons may roll,

But the true soul

Burns the same, where'er it goes.

HAS SORROW THY YOUNG DAYS
SHADED.

HAS sorrow thy young days shaded,
As clouds o'er the morning fleet?
Too fast have those young days faded,
That, even in sorrow, were sweet!
Does Time with his cold wing wither
Each feeling that once was dear?—
Then, child of misfortune! come hither,
I'll weep with thee, tear for tear.

Has love to that soul, so tender,
Been like our Lagenian mine*.
Where sparkles of golden splendour
All over the surface shine—
But, if in pursuit we go deeper,
Allur'd by the gleam that shone,
Ah! false as the dream of the sleeper,
Like Love, the bright ore is gone.

* Our Wicklow Gold Mines, to which this verse alludes, deserve, I fear, the character here given of them.

Has Hope, like the bird in the story*,
That flitted from tree to tree
With the talisman's glittering glory—
Has Hope been that bird to thee?
On branch after branch alighting,
The gem did she still display
And when nearest and most inviting,
Then waft the fair gem away?

If thus the sweet hours have fled
When Sorrow herself look'd bright;
If thus the fond hope has cheated,
That led thee along so light;
If thus, too, the cold world wither
Each feeling that once was dear;—
Come, child of misfortune! come hither,
I'll weep with thee, tear for tear.

* The bird, having got its prize, settled not far off, with the talisman in his mouth. The Prince drew near it, hoping it would drop it; but, as he approached, the bird took wing and settled again," &c. —*Arabian Nights*,—*Story of Kummir al Zummann and the Princess of China*.

NO, NOT MORE WELCOME.

No, not more welcome the fairy numbers
Of music fall on the sleeper's ear,
When, half-awaking from fearful slumbers,
He thinks the full quire of heaven is near,—
Than came that voice, when, all forsaken,
This heart long had sleeping lain,
Nor thought its cold pulse would ever waken
To such benign, blessed sounds again.

Sweet voice of comfort ! 'twas like the stealing
Of summer wind thro' some wreathed shell—
Each secret winding, each inmost feeling
Of all my soul echoed to its spell!
'Twas whisper'd balm—'twas sunshine spoken !—
I'd live years of grief and pain
To have my long sleep of sorrow broken
By such benign, blessed sounds again !

WHEN FIRST I MET THEE.

WHEN first I met thee, warm and young,
There shone such truth about thee,
And on thy lip such promise hung,
I did not dare to doubt thee.
I saw thee change, yet still relied,
Still clung with hope the fonder,
And thought, tho' false to all beside,
From me thou couldst not wander.
But go, deceiver! go,—
The heart, whose hopes could make it
Trust one so false, so low,
Deserves that thou shouldst break it!

When every tongue thy follies nam'd,
I fled th' unwelcome story ;
Or found, in even the faults they blam'd,
Some gleams of future glory.
I still was true, when nearer friends
Conspir'd to wrong, to slight thee ;
The heart, that now thy falsehood rends,
Would then have bled to right thee.

But go, deceiver ! go,
Some day, perhaps, thou'lt waken
From pleasure's dream, to know
The grief of hearts forsaken.

Even now, tho' youth its bloom has shed,
No lights of age adorn thee ;
The few, who lov'd thee once, have fled,
And they who flatter scorn thee.
Thy midnight cup is pledg'd to slaves,
No genial ties enwreath it ;
The smiling there, like light on graves,
Has rank, cold hearts beneath it !
Go—go—tho' worlds were thine,
I would not now surrender
One taintless tear of mine
For all thy guilty splendour !

And days may come, thou false one ! yet,
When even those ties shall sever ;
When thou wilt call, with vain regret,
On her thou 'st lost for ever !
On her who, in thy fortune's fall,
With smiles had still receiv'd thee,
And gladly died to prove thee all
Her fancy first believ'd thee.

Go—go—'tis vain to curse,
'Tis weakness to upbraid thee ;
Hate cannot wish thee worse
Than guilt and shame have made thee.

WHILE HISTORY'S MUSE.

WHILE History's Muse the memorial was keeping
Of all that the dark hand of Destiny weaves,
Beside her the Genius of ERIN stood weeping,
For her's was the story that blotted the leaves.
But oh! how the tear in her eyelids grew bright,
When, after whole pages of sorrow and shame,
She saw History write,
With a pencil of light
That illum'd all the volume, her WELLINGTON's name!

"Hail, Star of my Isle!" said the Spirit, "all sparkling
"With beams, such as break from her own dewy
skies;
"Thro' ages of sorrow, deserted and darkling,
"I've watch'd for some glory like thine to arise.
"For tho' Heroes I've number'd, unblest was their lot,
"And unhallow'd they sleep in the cross-ways of Fame;—
"But oh! there is not
"One dishonouring blot
"On the wreath that encircles my WELLINGTON's
name!

- “ Yet still the last crown of thy toils is remaining,
“ The grandest, the purest, ev’n *thou* hast yet known;
“ Tho’ proud was thy task, other nations unchaining,
“ Far prouder to heal the deep wounds of thy own.
“ At the foot of that throne, for whose weal thou hast
stood,
“ Go, plead for the land that first cradled thy fame—
“ And, bright o’er the flood
“ Of her tears and her blood,
“ Let the rainbow of Hope be her WELLINGTON’S
name !”

THE TIME I'VE LOST IN WOOING.

THE time I've lost in wooing,
In watching and pursuing
The light, that lies
In Woman's eyes,
Has been my heart's undoing.
Tho' Wisdom oft has sought me,
I scorn'd the lore she brought me,
My only books
Were Woman's looks,
And folly's all they've taught me.

Her smile when Beauty granted,
I hung with gaze enchanted,
Like him, the Sprite*,
Whom maids by night
Oft meet in glens that's haunted.

* This alludes to a kind of Irish Fairy, which is to be met with, they say, in the fields, at dusk;—as long as you keep your eyes upon him, he is fixed and in your power; but the moment you look away (and he is ingenious in furnishing some inducement) he vanishes. I had thought that this was the sprite which we call the Leprechaun; but a high authority upon such subjects, Lady MORGAN (in a note upon her national and interesting Novel, O'Donnell) has given a very different account of that Goblin.

Like him, too, Beauty won me,
But while her eyes were on me—
If once their ray
Was turn'd away,
O ! winds could not outrun me.

And are those follies going ?
And is my proud heart growing
Too cold or wise
For brilliant eyes
Again to set it glowing ?
No—vain, alas ! th' endeavour
From bonds so sweet to sever ;—
Poor Wisdom's chance
Against a glance
Is now as weak as ever !

WHERE IS THE SLAVE?

WHERE is the slave, so lowly,
Condemn'd to chains unholy,
Who, could he burst
His bonds at first,
Would pine beneath them slowly ?
What soul, whose wrongs degrade it,
Would wait till time decay'd it,
When thus its wing
At once may spring
To the throne of Him who made it ?
Farewell, ERIN !—farewell, all,
Who live to weep our fall !

Less dear the laurel growing,
Alive, untouch'd, and blowing,
Than that, whose braid
Is pluck'd to shade
The brows, with victory glowing !

We tread the land that bore us,
 Her green flag glitters o'er us,
 The friends we've tried
 Are by our side,
 And the foe we hate before us!
 Farewell, ERIN! farewell, all,
 Who live to weep our fall!

COME, REST IN THIS BOSOM.

COME, rest in this bosom, my own stricken deer !
Tho' the herd have fled from thee, thy home is still
here ;

Here still is the smile, that no cloud can o'ercast,
And the heart and the hand all thy own to the last !

Oh ! what was love made for, if 'tis not the same
Thro' joy and thro' torments, thro' glory and shame ?
I know not, I ask not, if guilt's in that heart,
I but know that I love thee, whatever thou art

Thou hast call'd me thy Angel in moments of bliss,
And thy Angel I'll be, 'mid the horrors of this,—
Thro' the furnace, unshrinking, thy steps to pursue,
And shield thee, and save thee, or perish there too !

'TIS GONE, AND FOR EVER.

'Tis gone, and for ever, the light we saw breaking,
Like Heaven's first dawn o'er the sleep of the dead—
When Man, from the slumber of ages awaking,
Look'd upward, and bless'd the pure ray, ere it fled!
'Tis gone—and the gleams it has left of its burning
But deepen the long night of bondage and mourning,
That dark o'er the kingdoms of earth is returning,
And, darkest of all, hapless ERIN, o'er thee.

For high was thy hope, when those glories were darting
Around thee, thro' all the gross clouds of the world ;
When Truth, from her fetters indignantly starting,
At once, like a sun-burst, her banner unfurl'd*.
Oh, never shall earth see a moment so splendid !
Then, then—had one Hymn of Deliverance blended
The tongues of all nations—how sweet had ascended
The first note of Liberty, ERIN ! from thee.

* "The Sun-burst" was the fanciful name given by the ancient Irish to the Royal Banner.

But, shame on those tyrants, who envied the blessing!
And shame on the light race, unworthy its good,
Who, at Death's reeking altar, like furies, caressing
The young hope of Freedom, baptiz'd it in blood!
Then vanish'd for ever that fair, sunny vision,
Which, spite of the slavish, the cold heart's derision,
Shall long be remember'd, pure, bright and elysian
As first it arose, my lost ERIN! on thee.

I SAW FROM THE BEACH.

I SAW from the beach, when the morning was shining,
A bark o'er the waters move gloriously on ;
I came, when the sun o'er that beach was declining,—
The bark was still there, but the waters were gone !

Ah ! such is the fate of our life's early promise,
So passing the spring-tide of joy we have known ;
Each wave, that we danc'd on at morning, ebbs from us,
And leaves us, at eve, on the bleak shore alone.

Ne'er tell me of glories, serenely adorning
The close of our day, the calm eve of our night ;—
Give me back, give me back the wild freshness of
Morning,
Her clouds and her tears are worth Evening's best
light.

Oh, who would not welcome that moment's returning,
When passion first wak'd a new life thro' his frame,
And his soul—like the wood, that grows precious in
burning—
Gave out all its sweets to love's exquisite flame !

FILL THE BUMPER FAIR.

FILL the bumper fair !
Every drop we sprinkle
O'er the brow of Care
Smooths away a wrinkle.
Wit's electric flame
Ne'er so swiftly passes,
As when thro' the frame,
It shoots from brimming glasses.
Fill the bumper fair !
Every drop we sprinkle
O'er the brow of Care
Smooths away a wrinkle.

Sages can, they say,
Grasp the lightning's pinions,
And bring down its ray
From the starr'd dominions :—

So We, Sages, sit,
And, 'mid bumpers bright'ning,
From the Heaven of Wit
Draw down all its lightning !

Wouldst thou know what first
Made our souls inherit
This ennobling thirst
For wine's celestial spirit ?
It chanc'd upon that day,
When, as bards inform us,
PROMETHEUS stole away
The living fires that warm us.

The careless Youth, when up
To Glory's fount aspiring,
Took nor urn nor cup,
To hide the pilfer'd fire in :—
But oh his joy ! when, round
The halls of Heaven spying,
Amongst the stars he found
A bowl of BACCHUS lying.

Some drops were in that bowl,
Remains of last night's pleasure,
With which the Sparks of Soul
Mix'd their burning treasure !

Hence the goblet's shower
Hath such spells to win us—
Hence its mighty power
O'er that Flame within us.
Fill the bumper fair!
Every drop we sprinkle
O'er the brow of Care
Smooths away a wrinkle.

DEAR HARP OF MY COUNTRY.

DEAR Harp of my Country! in darkness I found thee,
 The cold chain of silence had hung o'er thee long*,
 When proudly, my own Island Harp! I unbound thee,
 And gave all thy chords to light, freedom, and song!
 The warm lay of love and the light note of gladness
 Have waken'd thy fondest, thy liveliest thrill;
 But, so oft hast thou echoed the deep sigh of sadness,
 That ev'n in thy mirth it will steal from thee still.

Dear Harp of my Country! farewell to thy numbers,
 This sweet wreath of song is the last we shall twine;
 Go, sleep, with the sunshine of Fame on thy slumbers,
 Till touch'd by some hand less unworthy than mine.

* In that rebellious but beautiful Song, "When Erin first rose," there is, if I recollect right, the following line:—

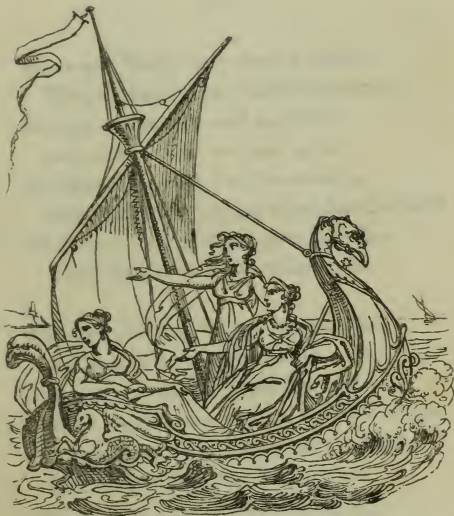
"The dark chain of Silence was thrown o'er the deep!"

The Chain of Silence was a sort of practical figure of rhetoric among the ancient Irish. Walker tells us of "a celebrated contention for precedence between Finn and Gaul, near Finn's palace at Almhaim, where the attending Bards, anxious, if possible, to produce a cessation of hostilities, shook the chain of Silence, and flung themselves among the ranks." See also the *Ode to Gaul, the Son of Morni*, in Miss BROOKE'S *Reliques of Irish Poetry*.

If the pulse of the patriot, soldier, or lover,
Have throb'd at our lay, 'tis thy glory alone ;
I was *but* as the wind, passing heedlessly over,
And all the wild sweetness I wak'd was thy own.



SEVENTH NUMBER.



As slow our ship her foamy track
Against the wind was cleaving.

THE HISTORY OF THE



By J. H. P. ...
... ..

MY GENTLE HARP!

My gentle Harp! once more I waken
The sweetness of thy slumb'ring strain;
In tears our last farewell was taken,
And now in tears we meet again.
No light of joy hath o'er thee broken,
But—like those Harps, whose heav'nly skill
Of slavery, dark as thine, hath spoken—
Thou hang'st upon the willows still.

And yet, since last thy chord resounded,
An hour of peace and triumph came,
And many an ardent bosom bounded
With hopes—that now are turn'd to shame.
Yet even then, while Peace was singing
Her halcyon song o'er land and sea,
Tho' joy and hope to others bringing,
She only brought new tears to thee.

'Then, who can ask for notes of pleasure,
 My drooping Harp, from chords like thine ?
 Alas, the lark's gay morning measure
 As ill would suit the swan's decline !
 Or how shall I, who love, who bless thee,
 Invoke thy breath for Freedom's strains,
 When ev'n the wreaths, in which I dress thee,
 Are sadly mix'd—half flow'rs, half chains !

But come,—if yet thy frame can borrow
 One breath of joy—oh, breath for me,
 And shew the world, in chains and sorrow,
 How sweet thy music still can be ;
 How gaily, ev'n mid gloom surrounding,
 Thou yet canst wake at pleasure's thrill—
 Like MEMNON's broken image, sounding,
 'Mid desolation tuneful still !*

* *Dimidio magicæ resonant ubi Memnone chordæ,
 Atque vetus Thebe centum jacet obruta portis. —JUVENAL.*

AS SLOW OUR SHIP.

As slow our ship her foamy track
Against the wind was cleaving,
Her trembling pennant still look'd back
To that dear isle 'twas leaving.
So loath we part from all we love,
From all the links that bind us ;
So turn our hearts, where'er we rove,
To those we've left behind us !

When, round the bowl, of vanish'd years
We talk with joyous seeming,—
With smiles, that might as well be tears,
So faint, so sad their beaming ;
While mem'ry brings us back again
Each early tie that twin'd us,
Oh, sweet's the cup that circles then
To those we've left behind us !

And when, in other climes, we meet
Some isle our vale enchanting,
Where all looks flow'ry, wild and sweet,
And nought but love is wanting ;

We think how great had been our bliss,
If Heav'n had but assign'd us
To live and die in scenes like this,
With some we've left behind us!

As trav'lers oft look back, at eve,
When eastward darkly going,
To gaze upon that light they leave
Still faint behind them glowing,—
So, when the close of pleasure's day
To gloom hath near consign'd us,
We turn to catch one fading ray
Of joy that's left behind us.

IN THE MORNING OF LIFE.

IN the morning of life, when its cares are unknown,
And its pleasures in all their new lustre begin,
When we live in a bright-beaming world of our own,
And the light that surrounds us is all from within,
Oh, it is not, believe me, in that happy time
We can love, as in hours of less transport we may ;—
Of our smiles, of our hopes, 'tis the gay sunny prime,
But affection is warmest when these fade away.

When we see the first glory of youth pass us by,
Like a leaf on the stream that will never return ;
When our cup, which had sparkled with pleasure so
high,
First tastes of the *other*, the dark-flowing urn ;
'Then, then is the moment affection can sway
With a depth and a tenderness joy never knew ;
Love, nurs'd among pleasures, is faithless as they,
But the Love, born of Sorrow, like Sorrow is true

In climes full of sunshine, though splendid their dyes,
Yet faint is the odour the flow'rs shed about ;
'Tis the clouds and the mists of our own weeping skies,
That call the full spirit of fragrancy out.
So the wild glow of passion may kindle from mirth,
But 'tis only in grief true affection appears ;—
And, ev'n tho' to smiles it may first owe its birth,
All the soul of its sweetness is drawn out by tears !

WHEN COLD IN THE EARTH.

WHEN cold in the earth lies the friend thou hast lov'd,
Be his faults and his follies forgot by thee then ;
Or, if from their slumber the veil be remov'd,
Weep o'er them in silence, and close it again.
And oh ! if 'tis pain to remember how far
From the pathways of light he was tempted to roam,
Be it bliss to remember that thou wert the star
That arose on his darkness, and guided him home.

From thee and thy innocent beauty first came
The revealings, that taught him true Love to adore,
To feel the bright presence, and turn him with shame
From the idols he blindly had knelt to before.
O'er the waves of a life, long benighted and wild,
Thou cam'st, like a soft golden calm o'er the sea ;
And if happiness purely and glowingly smil'd
On his ev'ning horizon, the light was from thee.

And tho', sometimes, the shade of past folly would rise,
And tho' falsehood again would allure him to stray,
He but turn'd to the glory that dwelt in those eyes,
And the folly, the falsehood, soon vanish'd away.
As the Priests of the Sun, when their altar grew dim,
At the day-beam alone could its lustre repair,
So, if virtue a moment grew languid in him,
He but flew to that smile, and rekindled it there.

REMEMBER THEE!

REMEMBER thee ! yes, while there's life in this heart,
It shall never forget thee, all lorn as thou art ;
More dear in thy sorrow, thy gloom, and thy showers,
Than the rest of the world in their sunniest hours.

Wert thou all that I wish thee, great, glorious, and free,
First flower of the earth, and first gem of the sea,
I might hail thee with prouder, with happier brow,
But, oh ! could I love thee more deeply than now ?

No, thy chains as they rankle, thy blood as it runs,
But make thee more painfully dear to thy sons—
Whose hearts, like the young of the desert-bird's nest,
Drink love in each life-drop that flows from thy breast!

WREATH THE BOWL.

WREATH the bowl
With flow'rs of soul,
The brightest Wit can find us ;
We'll take a flight
Tow'rds heaven to-night
And leave dull earth behind us !
Should love amid
The wreaths be hid
That Joy, th' enchanter brings us,
No danger fear,
While wine is near,
We'll drown him if he stings us.
Then, wreath the bowl
With flow'rs of soul,
The brightest Wit can find us ;
We'll take a flight
Tow'rds heav'n to-night,
And leave dull earth behind us !

'Twas nectar fed
Of old, 'tis said,
Their Junos, Joves, Apollos ;—
And man may brew
His nectar too,
The rich receipt as follows :—
Take wine like this,
Let looks of bliss
Around it well be blended,
Then bring Wit's beam
To warm the stream,
And there's your nectar, splendid !
So, wreath the bowl
With flow'rs of soul,
The brightest Wit can find us ;
We 'll take a flight
Tow'rds heaven to-night,
And leave dull earth behind us !

Say, why did Time
His glass sublime
Fill up with sands unsightly,
When wine, he knew,
Runs brisker through
And sparkles far more brightly.
Oh, lend it us,
And, smiling thus,

The glass in two we'd sever,
Make pleasure glide
In double tide,
And fill both ends for ever !
Then wreath the bowl
With flow'rs of soul,
The brightest Wit can find us ;
We'll take a flight,
Tow'rds heav'n to-night,
And leave dull earth behind us !

WHENE'ER I SEE THOSE SMILING
EYES.

WHENE'ER I see those smiling eyes,
All fill'd with hope, and joy, and light,
As if no cloud could ever rise,
To dim a heav'n so purely bright—
I sigh to think how soon that brow
In grief may lose its every ray,
And that light heart, so joyous now,
Almost forget it once was gay.

For Time will come with all its blights,
The ruined hope—the friend unkind—
The love that leaves, where'er it lights,
A chill'd or burning heart behind!
While youth, that now like snow appears,
Ere sullied by the dark'ning rain,
When once 'tis touch'd by sorrow's tears,
Will never shine so bright again!

IF THOU 'LT BE MINE.

IF thou 'lt be mine, the treasures of air,
Of earth, and sea shall lie at thy feet ;
Whatever in Fancy's eye looks fair,
Or in Hope's sweet music is *most* sweet
Shall be ours, if thou wilt be mine, love !

Bright flowers shall bloom wherever we rove,
A voice divine shall talk in each stream,
The stars shall look like worlds of love,
And this earth be all one beautiful dream
In our eyes—if thou wilt be mine, love !

And thoughts, whose source is hidden and high,
Like streams, that come from heaven-ward hills,
Shall keep our hearts—like meads, that lie
To be bathed by those eternal rills—
Ever green, if thou wilt be mine, love !

All this, and more the spirit of Love
Can breath o'er them, who feel his spells ;
That heaven, which forms his home, above,
He can make, on earth, wherever he dwells,
And he *will*, if thou wilt be mine, love !

TO LADIES' EYES.

To Ladies' Eyes a round, boy,
We can't refuse, we can't refuse,
Tho' bright eyes so abound, boy,
'Tis hard to choose, 'tis hard to choose.
For thick as stars that lighten
Yon airy bow'rs, yon airy bow'rs,
The countless eyes that brighten
This earth of ours, this earth of ours.
But fill the cup,—where'er, boy,
Our choice may fall, our choice may fall,
We're sure to find Love there, boy,
So drink them all ! so drink them all !

Some looks there are, so holy,
They seem but giv'n, they seem but giv'n,
As splendid beacons, solely,
To light to heav'n, to light to heav'n.
While some—oh ! ne'er believe them—
With tempting ray, with tempting ray,
Would lead us (God forgive them !)
The other way, the other way.

But fill the cup—where'er, boy,
Our choice may fall, our choice may fall,
We're sure to find, Love there, boy,
So drink them all ! so drink them all !

In some, as in a mirror,
Love seems portray'd, Love seems portray'd,
But shun the flattering error,
'Tis but his shade, 'tis but his shade.
Himself has fix'd his dwelling
In eyes we know, in eyes we know,
And lips—but this is telling,
So here they go ! so here they go !
Fill up, fill up—where'er, boy,
Our choice may fall, our choice may fall,
We're sure to find Love there, boy,
So drink them all ! so drink them all !

FORGET NOT THE FIELD.

FORGET not the field where they perish'd,
The truest, the last of the brave,
All gone—and the bright hope we cherish'd
Gone with them, and quench'd in their grave!

Oh! could we from death but recover
Those hearts as they bounded before,
In the face of high heav'n to fight over
That combat for freedom once more;—

Could the chain for an instant be riven
Which Tyranny flung round us then,
Oh! 'tis not in Man nor in Heaven,
To let Tyranny bind it again!

But 'tis past—and, tho' blazon'd in story
The name of our Victor may be,
Accurst is the march of that glory,
Which treads o'er the hearts of the free.

Far dearer the grave or the prison,
Illum'd by one patriot name,
Than the trophies of all, who have risen
On Liberty's ruins to fame !

THEY MAY RAIL AT THIS LIFE.

THEY may rail at this life—from the hour I began it,
I found it a life full of kindness and bliss ;
And, until they can shew me some happier planet,
More social and bright, I'll content me with this.
As long as the world has such eloquent eyes,
As before me this moment enraptur'd I see,
They may say what they will of their orbs in the skies,
But this earth is the planet for you, love, and me.

In Mercury's star, where each minute can bring them
New sunshine and wit from the fountain on high,
Tho' the nymphs may have livelier poets to sing them *,
They've none, even there, more enamoured than I.
And, as long as this harp can be waken'd to love,
And that eye its divine inspiration shall be,
They may talk as they will of their Edens above,
But this earth is the planet for you, love, and me.

* Tous les habitans de Mercure sont vifs—. *Pluralité des Mondes.*

In that star of the west, by whose shadowy splendour,
At twilight so often we've roam'd through the dew;
There are maidens, perhaps, who have bosoms as
tender,

And look, in their twilights, as lovely as you*.
But, tho' they were even more bright than the queen
Of that isle they inhabit in heaven's blue sea,
As I never those fair young celestials have seen,
Why,—this earth is the planet for you, love, and me.

As for those chilly orbs on the verge of creation,
Where sunshine and smiles must be equally rare,
Did they want a supply of cold hearts for that station,
Heav'n knows we have plenty on earth we could
spare.

Oh! think what a world we should have of it here,
If the haters of peace, of affection and glee,
Were to fly up to SATURN's comfortless sphere,
And leave earth to such spirits as you, love and me.

* La Terre pourra être pour Vénus l'étoile du berger et la mère des
amours, comme Vénus l'est pour nous.—*Ib.*

OH FOR THE SWORDS OF FORMER TIME!

Oh for the swords of former time !

Oh for the men who bore them,
When arm'd for Right, they stood sublime,
And tyrants crouch'd before them !

When pure yet, ere courts began

With honours to enslave him,

The best honours worn by Man

Were those which Virtue gave him.

Oh for the swords of former time !

Oh for the men who bore them,
When arm'd for Right, they stood sublime,
And tyrants crouch'd before them.

Oh for the Kings who flourish'd then !

Oh for the pomp that crown'd them,
When hearts and hands of freeborn men
Were all the ramparts round them.

When, safe built on bosoms true,
The throne was but the centre,
Round which Love a circle drew,
That Treason durst not enter.
Oh for the Kings who flourish'd then !
Oh for the pomp that crown'd them,
When hearts and hands of freeborn men,
Were all the ramparts round them !



EIGHTH NUMBER.



—spirits, from all the lake's deep bowers,
Glide o'er the blue wave scattering flowers,
Fair Steed, around my love and thee.

NE'ER ASK THE HOUR.

NE'ER ask the hour—what is it to us
How Time deals out his treasures ?
The golden moments, lent us thus,
Are not *his* coin, but Pleasure's.
If counting them over could add to their blisses,
I'd number each glorious second :
But moments of joy are, like LESBIA's kisses,
Too quick and sweet to be reckon'd.
Then fill the cup—what is it to us
How Time his circle measures ?
The fairy hours we call up thus,
Obey no wand but Pleasure's !

Young Joy ne'er thought of counting hours,
Till Care, one summer's morning,
Set up, among his smiling flowers,
A dial, by way of warning.
But Joy loved better to gaze on the sun,
As long as its light was glowing,
Than to watch with old Care how the shadow stole on,
And how fast that light was going.

So fill the cup—what is it to us

How Time his circle measures ?

The fairy hours we call up thus,

Obey no wand but Pleasure's

SAIL ON, SAIL ON.



SAIL on, sail on, thou fearless bark—

Where ever blows the welcome wind,
It cannot lead to scenes more dark,
More sad than those we leave behind.

Each wave that passes seems to say

“Though death beneath our smile may be,
“Less cold we are, less false than they,
“Whose smiling wreck'd thy hopes and thee.”

Sail on, sail on,—through endless space—

Through calm—through tempest—stop no more ;

The stormiest sea's a resting-place

To him who leaves such hearts on shore.

Or,—if some desert land we meet,

Where never yet false-hearted men

Profaned a world, that else were sweet—

Then rest thee, bark, but not till then.

THE PARALLEL.

YES, sad one of SION *—if closely resembling,
In shame and in sorrow, thy withered-up heart—
If drinking deep, deep, of the same “cup of trembling”
Could make us thy children, our parent thou art.

Like thee doth our nation lie conquer'd and broken,
And fall'n from her head is the once royal crown ;
In her streets, in her halls, Desolation hath spoken,
And “while it is day yet, her sun hath gone down †”

Like thine doth her exile, mid dreams of returning,
Die far from the home it were life to behold ;
Like thine do her sons, in the day of their mourning,
Remember the bright things that bless'd them of
old !

* These verses were written after the perusal of a treatise by Mr. Hamilton, professing to prove that the Irish were originally Jews.

† “Her sun is gone down while it was yet day.” Jer. xv. 9.

Ah well may we call her, like thee, "the Forsaken*,"

Her boldest are vanquish'd, her proudest are slaves ;
And the harps of her minstrels, when gayest they
waken,

Have breathings as sad as the wind over graves !

Yet hadst thou thy vengeance—yet came there the
morrow,

That shines out, at last, on the longest dark night,
When the sceptre, that smote thee with slavery and
sorrow,

Was shivered at once, like a reed in thy sight.

When that cup, which for others the proud Golden
City †

Had brimm'd full of bitterness, drench'd her own lips,
And the world she had trampled on heard, without pity,
The howl in her halls and the cry from her ships.

When the curse Heaven keeps for the haughty came
over

Her merchants rapacious, her rulers unjust,
And—a ruin, at last, for the earth-worm to cover ‡,—
The Lady of Kingdoms § lay low in the dust.

* "Thou shalt no more be termed Forsaken," Isaiah lxii. 4.

† "How hath the oppressor ceased! the golden city ceased."
Isaiah xiv. 4.

‡ "Thy pomp is brought down to the grave.....and the worms
cover thee." Isaiah xiv. 11.

§ "Thou shalt no more be called the Lady of Kingdoms." Isa. xlvii. 5.

DRINK OF THIS CUP.

DRINK of this cup—you'll find there's a spell in
Its every drop 'gainst the ills of mortality—
Talk of the cordial that sparkled for HELEN,
Her cup was a fiction, but this is reality.
Would you forget the dark world we are in,
Only taste of the bubble that gleams on the top of it ;
But would you rise above earth, till akin
To Immortals themselves, you must drain every drop
of it.

Send round the cup—for oh there's a spell in
Its every drop 'gainst the ills of mortality—
Talk of the cordial that sparkled for HELEN,
Her cup was a fiction, but this is reality.

Never was philter form'd with such power
To charm and bewilder as this we are quaffing ;
Its magic began when, in Autumn's rich hour,
As a harvest of gold in the fields it stood laughing.

There, having, by nature's enchantment, been fill'd
With the balm and the bloom of her kindest weather,
This wonderful juice from its core was distill'd,
To enliven such hearts as are here brought together !
'Then drink of the cup—you 'll find there 's a spell in
Its every drop 'gainst the ills of mortality—
Talk of the cordial that sparkled for HELEN,
Her cup was a fiction, but this is reality.

And though, perhaps—but breathe it to no one—
Like caldrons the witch brews at midnight so awful,
In secret this philter was first taught to flow on,
Yet 'tisn't less potent for being unlawful.
What though it may taste of the smoke of that flame,
Which in silence extracted its virtue forbidden—
Fill up—there 's a fire in some hearts I could name,
Which may work too its charm, though now lawless
and hidden .

So drink of the cup—for oh there 's a spell in
Its every drop 'gainst the ills of mortality—
Talk of the cordial that sparkled for HELEN,
Her cup was a fiction, but this is reality.

THE FORTUNE-TELLER.

Down in the valley come meet me to-night,
And I'll tell you your fortune truly
As ever 'twas told, by the new moon's light,
To young maiden, shining as newly.

But, for the world, let no one be nigh,
Lest haply the stars should deceive me;
These secrets between you and me and the sky
Should never go farther, believe me.

If at that hour the heavens be not dim,
My science shall call up before you
A male apparition—the image of him,
Whose destiny 'tis to adore you.

Then to the phantom be thou but kind,
And round you so fondly he'll hover,
You'll hardly, my dear, any difference find
'Twixt him and a true living lover.

Down at your feet, in the pale moon-light,
He'll kneel, with a warmth of emotion—
An ardour, of which such an innocent sprite
You'd scarcely believe had a notion.

What other thoughts and events may arise,
As in destiny's book I've not seen them,
Must only be left to the stars and your eyes
To settle, ere morning, between them.

OH, YE DEAD.

OH, ye Dead ! oh, ye Dead ! whom we know by the
light you give
From your cold gleaming eyes, though you move like
men who live,
Why leave you thus your graves,
In far off fields and waves,
Where the worm and the sea-bird only know your bed,
To haunt this spot, where all
Those eyes that wept your fall,
And the hearts that bewail'd you, like your own, lie
dead ?

It is true—it is true—we are shadows cold and wan ;
It is true—it is true—all the friends we loved are gone.
But, oh ! thus ev'n in death,
So sweet is still the breath

Of the fields and the flow'rs in our youth we wander'd
o'er,

That ere condemn'd, we go

To freeze mid HECLA'S* snow,

We would taste it awhile, and dream we live once more!

* Paul Zeland mentions that there is a mountain in some part of Ireland, where the ghosts of persons who have died in foreign lands, walk about and converse with those they meet like living people. If asked why they do not return to their homes, they say, they are obliged to go to Mount Hecla, and disappear immediately.

O'DONOHUE'S MISTRESS*.

OF all the fair months, that round the sun
In light-link'd dance their circles run,
Sweet May, sweet May, shine thou for me ;
For still, when thy earliest beams arise
That youth, who beneath the blue lake lies,
Sweet May, sweet May, returns to me.

Of all the smooth lakes, were day-light leaves
His lingering smile on golden eves,
Fair Lake, fair Lake, thou 'rt dear to me ;
For when the last April sun grows dim,
Thy Naiads prepare his steed for him
Who dwells, who dwells, bright Lake, in thee.

* The particulars of the tradition respecting O'Donohue and his White Horse, may be found in Mr. Weld's Account of Killarney, or more fully detailed, in Derrick's Letters. For many years after his death, the spirit of this hero is supposed to have been seen on the morning of May-day, gliding over the lake on his favourite white horse, to the sound of sweet, unearthly music, and preceded by groups of youths and maidens, who flung wreaths of delicate spring-flowers in his path.

Among other stories, connected with this Legend of the Lakes, it is said that there was a young and beautiful girl, whose imagination was so impressed with the idea of this visionary chieftain, that she fancied herself in love with him, and at last, in a fit of insanity, on a May-morning, threw herself into the Lake.

Of all the proud steeds, that ever bore
Young plumed Chiefs on sea or shore,

White Steed, white Steed, most joy to thee,
Who still with the first young glance of spring
From under that glorious lake dost bring,

Proud Steed, proud Steed, my love to me.

While, white as the sail some bark unfurls,
When newly launch'd thy long mane * curls,

Fair Steed, fair Steed, as white and free ;
And spirits, from all the lake's deep bowers,
Glide o'er the blue wave scattering flowers,
Fair Steed around my love and thee.

Of all the sweet deaths that maidens die,
Whose lovers beneath the cold wave lie,

Most sweet, most sweet, that death will be,
Which under the next May evening's light,
When thou and thy steed are lost to sight,
Dear love, dear love, I'll die for thee.

* The boatmen at Killarney call those waves which come on a windy day, crested with foam, " O'Donohue's white horses."

ECHO.

How sweet the answer Echo makes
 To Music at night,
When, rous'd by lute or horn, she wakes,
And far away, o'er lawns and lakes,
 Goes answering light.

Yet Love hath echoes truer far,
 And far more sweet,
Than e'er, beneath the moonlight's star,
Or horn, or lute, or soft guitar,
 The songs repeat.

'Tis when the sigh in youth sincere,
 And only then,—
The sigh that's breath'd for one to hear,
Is by that one, that only dear,
 Breath'd back again !

OH BANQUET NOT.



OH banquet not in those shining bowers,
Where Youth resorts—but come to me,
For mine's a garden of faded flowers,
More fit for sorrow, for age, and thee.
And there we shall have our feast of tears,
And many a cup in silence pour—
Our guests, the shades of former years,
Our toasts, to lips that bloom no more.

There, while the myrtle's withering boughs
Their lifeless leaves around us shed,
We'll brim the bowl to broken vows,
To friends, long lost, the chang'd, the dead.
Or, as some blighted laurel waves
Its branches o'er the dreary spot,
We'll drink to those neglected graves
Where valour sleeps, unnam'd, forgot!

THEE, THEE, ONLY THEE!

THE dawning of morn, the day-light's sinking,
The night's long hours still find me thinking
Of thee, thee, only thee.

When friends are met, and goblets crown'd,
And smiles are near, that once enchanted,
Unreach'd by all that sunshine round,
My soul, like some dark spot, is haunted
By thee, thee, only thee.

Whatever in fame's high path could waken
My spirit once, is now forsaken
For thee, thee, only thee.
Like shores, by which some headlong bark
To the ocean hurries—resting never—
Life's scenes go by me, bright or dark,
I know not, heed not, hastening ever
To thee, thee, only thee.

I have not a joy but of thy bringing,
And pain itself seems sweet when springing
From thee, thee, only thee.
Like spells, that nought on earth can break,
Till lips, that know the charm, have spoken,
This heart, howe'er the world may wake
Its grief, its scorn, can but be broken
By thee, thee, only thee.

SHALL THE HARP THEN BE SILENT?

SHALL the Harp then be silent, when he, who first
gave

To our country a name, is withdrawn from all eyes?
Shall a Minstrel of Erin stand mute by the grave,
Where the first—where the last of her Patriots lies?

No—faint tho' the death-song may fall from his lips,
Tho' his Harp, like his soul, may with shadows be
crost,

Yet, yet shall it sound, 'mid a nation's eclipse,
And proclaim to the world what a star hath been
lost*!

What a union of all the affections and powers,
By which life is exalted, embellish'd, refin'd,
Was embrac'd in that spirit—whose centre was ours,
While its mighty circumference circled mankind.

* It is only these two first verses that are either fitted or intended to be sung.

Oh, who that loves Erin—or who that can see,
Through the waste of her annals, that epoch sublime—
Like a pyramid, rais'd in the desert—where he
And his glory stand out to the eyes of all time!—

That *one* lucid interval, snatch'd from the gloom
And the madness of ages, when, fill'd with his soul,
A Nation o'erleap'd the dark bounds of her doom,
And for *one* sacred instant, touch'd liberty's goal!

Who, that ever hath heard him—hath drank at the
source
Of that wonderful eloquence, all Erin's own,
In whose high-thoughted daring, the fire, and the force,
And the yet untam'd spring of her spirit are shewn.

An eloquence, rich—wheresoever its wave
Wander'd free and triumphant—with thoughts
that shone through
As clear as the brook's “stone of lustre,” and gave
With the flash of the gem, its solidity, too.

Who, that ever approach'd him, when free from the
crowd,

In a home full of love, he delighted to tread
Mong the trees which a nation had given, and which
bow'd,

As if each brought a new civic crown for his head—

That home, were—like him who, as fable hath told *,
Put the rays from his brow, that his child might
come near,

Every glory forgot, the most wise of the old
Became all that the simplest and youngest hold dear.

Is there one, who hath thus through his orbit of life,
But at distance observ'd him—through glory, through
blame,

In the calm of retreat, in the grandeur of strife,
Whether shining or clouded, still high and the same.

Such a union of all that enriches life's hour,
Of the sweetness we love, and the greatness we
praise,

As that type of simplicity blended with power,
A child with a thunderbolt only portrays.—

* Apollo, in his interview with Phaëton, as described by Ovid:—
“*Deposuit radios propriisq; accidere jussit.*”

Oh no—not a heart, that e'er knew him, but mourns,
 Deep, deep o'er the grave, where such glory is
 shrin'd—

O'er a monument Fame will preserve, 'mong the urns
 Of the wisest, the bravest, the best of mankind!

OH, THE SIGHT ENTRANCING.

OH, the sight entrancing,
When morning's beam is glancing
 O'er files, array'd
 With helm and blade,
And plumes, in the gay wind dancing!
When hearts are all high beating,
And the trumpet's voice repeating
 That song, whose breath
 May lead to death,
But never to retreating!
Oh the sight entrancing,
When morning's beam is glancing
 O'er files, array'd
 With helm and blade,
And plumes, in the gay wind dancing!

Yes, 'tis not helm or feather—
For ask yon despot, whether
 His plumed bands
 Could bring such hands
And hearts as ours together.

Leave pomps to those who need 'em—
Adorn but Man with freedom,
And proud he braves
The gaudiest slaves,
That crawl, where monarchs lead 'em.
The sword may pierce the beaver,
Stone walls in time may sever,
'Tis heart alone,
Worth steel and stone,
That keeps men free for ever !
Oh that sight entrancing,
When the morning's beam is glancing
O'er files, array'd
With helm and blade,
And in Freedom's cause advancing !



APPENDIX;
CONTAINING
THE ORIGINAL ADVERTISEMENTS,
AND THE
PREFATORY LETTER ON MUSIC.



ADVERTISEMENT

PREFIXED TO THE

FIRST AND SECOND NUMBERS.

POWER takes the liberty of announcing to the Public a WORK which has long been a *Desideratum* in this country. Though the beauties of the National Music of Ireland have been very generally felt and acknowledged, yet it has happened, through the want of appropriate English words, and of the arrangement necessary to adapt them to the voice, that many of the most excellent compositions have hitherto remained in obscurity. It is intended, therefore, to form a Collection of the best Original IRISH MELODIES, with characteristic Symphonies and Accompaniments ; and with Words containing, as frequent as possible, allusions to the manners and history of the Country. Sir JOHN STEVENSON has very kindly consented to undertake the arrangement of the Airs ; and the lovers of simple National Music may rest secure, that, in such tasteful hands, the native charms of the original melody will not be sacrificed to the ostentation of science

In the poetical Part, POWER has had promises of assistance from several distinguished Literary Characters, particularly from Mr. MOORE, whose lyrical talent is so peculiarly suited to such a task, and whose zeal in the undertaking will be best understood from the following Extract of a Letter which he addressed to Sir JOHN STEVENSON on the subject :—

“ I feel very anxious that a Work of this kind should
 “ be undertaken. We have too long neglected the
 “ only talent, for which our English Neighbours ever
 “ deigned to allow us any credit. Our National
 “ Music has never been properly collected* ; and,
 “ while the composers of the Continent have enriched
 “ their Operas and Sonatas with Melodies borrowed
 “ from Ireland,—very often without even the Honesty
 “ of Acknowledgment,—we have left these treasures,
 “ in a great Degree unclaimed and fugitive. Thus
 “ our Airs, like too many of our Countrymen, for
 “ want of protection at home, have passed into the
 “ service of foreigners. But we are come, I hope, to
 “ a better period of both Politics and Music ; and how
 “ much they are connected, in Ireland at least, ap-
 “ pears too plainly in the tone of sorrow and depres-

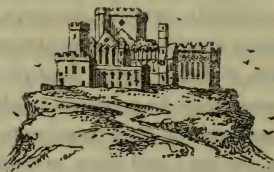
* The writer forgot, when he made this assertion that the Public are indebted to Mr. BUNTING for a very valuable Collection of Irish Music ; and that the patriotic genius of Miss OWENSON has been employed upon some of our finest Airs.

“ sion which characterizes most of our early Songs.
“ —The task which you propose to me of adapting
“ words to these airs, is by no means easy. The
“ Poet, who would follow the various sentiments
“ which they express, must feel and understand that
“ rapid fluctuation of spirits, that unaccountable mix-
“ ture of gloom and levity, which composes the cha-
“ racter of my countrymen, and has deeply tinged
“ their Music. Even in their liveliest strains we find
“ some melancholy note intrude,—some minor Third
“ or flat Seventh—which throws its shade as it
“ passes, and makes even mirth interesting. If
“ BURNS had been an Irishman, (and I would will-
“ ingly give up all our claims upon OSSIAN for him,)
“ his heart would have been proud of such music, and
“ his genius would have made it immortal.

“ Another difficulty (which is, however, purely me-
“ chanical) arises from the irregular structure of many
“ of those airs, and the lawless kind of metre which
“ it will in consequence be necessary to adapt to them.
“ In these instances the Poet must write, not to the
“ eye, but to the ear; and must be content to have
“ his verses of that description which CICERO men-
“ tions, ‘*Quos si cantu spoliaveris nuda remanebit*
“ *oratio.*’ That beautiful Air, ‘The Twisting of the
“ Rope,’ which has all the romantic character of the
“ Swiss *Ranz des Vaches*, is one of those wild and
“ sentimental rakes, which it will not be very easy to

“tie down in sober wedlock with Poetry. However,
 “notwithstanding all these difficulties, and the very
 “little talent which I can bring to surmount them,
 “the design appears to me so truly National, that I
 “shall feel much pleasure in giving it all the assist-
 “ance in my power.

“*Leicestershire, Feb. 1807.*”



ADVERTISEMENT

TO THE

THIRD NUMBER.

IN presenting the Third Number of this Work to the Public, **POWER** begs leave to offer his acknowledgments for the very liberal patronage with which it has been honoured; and to express a hope that the unabated zeal of those who have hitherto so admirably conducted it, will enable him to continue it through many future Numbers with equal spirit, variety, and taste. The stock of popular Melodies is far from being exhausted; and there is still in reserve an abundance of beautiful *Airs*, which call upon **Mr. MOORE**, in the language he so well understands, to save them from the oblivion to which they are hastening.

POWER respectfully trusts he will not be thought presumptuous in saying, that he feels proud, as an Irishman, in even the very subordinate share which he can claim, in promoting a Work so creditable to the talents of the Country—a Work, which, from the spirit of nationality it breathes, will do more, he is con-

vinced, towards liberalizing the feelings of society, and producing that brotherhood of sentiment which it is so much our interest to cherish, than could ever be effected by the arguments of wise, but uninteresting, politicians.



LETTER
TO
THE MARCHIONESS DOWAGER OF DONEGAL,
PREFIXED TO THE
THIRD NUMBER.

WHILE the Publisher of these Melodies very properly inscribes them to the Nobility and Gentry of Ireland in general, I have much pleasure in selecting *one* from that number, to whom *my* share of the Work is particularly dedicated. Though your Ladyship has been so long absent from Ireland, I know that you remember it well and warmly—that you have not allowed the charm of English society, like the taste of the lotus, to produce oblivion of your country, but that even the humble tribute which I offer derives its chief claim upon your interest from the appeal which it makes to your patriotism. Indeed absence, however fatal to some affections of the heart, rather strengthens our love for the land where we were born ; and Ireland is the country, of all others,

which an exile must remember with enthusiasm. Those few darker and less amiable traits, with which bigotry and misrule have stained her character, and which are too apt to disgust us upon a nearer intercourse, become softened at a distance, or altogether invisible ; and nothing is remembered but her virtues and her misfortunes—the zeal with which she has always loved liberty, and the barbarous policy which has always withheld it from her—the ease with which her generous spirit might be conciliated, and the cruel ingenuity which has been exerted to “wring her into undutifulness*.”

It has often been remarked, and oftener felt, that our music is the truest of all comments upon our history. The tone of defiance, succeeded by the languor of despondency—a burst of turbulence dying away into softness—the sorrows of one moment lost in the levity of the next—and all that romantic mixture of mirth and sadness, which is naturally produced by the efforts of a lively temperament to shake off, or forget, the wrongs which lie upon it:—such are the features of our history and character, which we find strongly and faithfully reflected in our music: and there are many airs, which, I think, it is difficult to listen to, without recalling

* A phrase which occurs in a letter from the Earl of Desmond to the Earl of Ormond, in Elizabeth's time.—*Scrinia Sacra*, as quoted by Curry.

some period or event to which their expression seems peculiarly applicable. Sometimes, when the strain is open and spirited, yet shaded here and there by a mournful recollection, we can fancy that we behold the brave allies of Montrose*, marching to the aid of the royal cause, notwithstanding all the perfidy of Charles and his ministers, and remembering just enough of past sufferings to enhance the generosity of their present sacrifice. The plaintive melodies of Carolan take us back to the times in which he lived, when our poor countrymen were driven to worship their God in caves, or to quit for ever the land of their birth (like the bird that abandons the nest, which human touch has violated); and in many a song do we hear the last farewell of the exile†, mingling re-

* There are some gratifying accounts of the gallantry of these Irish auxiliaries in "The Complete History of the Wars in Scotland under Montrose" (1660). See particularly, for the conduct of an Irishman at the battle of Aberdeen, chap. 6. p. 49.; and for a tribute to the bravery of Colonel O'Kyan, chap. 7. 55. Clarendon owns that the Marquis of Montrose was indebted for much of his miraculous success, to this small band of Irish heroes under Macdonnell.

† The associations of the Hindû Music, though more obvious and defined, were far less touching and characteristic. They divided their songs according to the seasons of the year, by which (says Sir William Jones) "they were able to recall the memory of autumnal merriment, at the close of the harvest, or of separation and melancholy during the cold months," &c.—*Asiatic Transactions*, vol. 3., on the Musical Modes of the Hindûs.—What the Abbé du Bos says of the symphonies of Lully, may be asserted with much more probability, of our bold and impassioned airs—"elles auroient produit de ces effets, qui nous paroissent fabuleux dans le récit des anciens,

gret for the ties he leaves at home, with sanguine expectations of the honours that await him abroad—such honours as were won on the field of Fontenoy, where the valour of Irish Catholics turned the fortune of the day in favour of the French, and extorted from George the Second that memorable exclamation, “Cursed be the laws which deprive me of such subjects!”

Though much has been said of the antiquity of our music, it is certain that our finest and most popular airs are modern; and perhaps we may look no further than the last disgraceful century for the origin of most of those wild and melancholy strains, which were at once the offspring and solace of grief, and which were applied to the mind, as music was formerly to the body, “*decantare loca dolentia*.” Mr. Pinkerton is of opinion* that none of the Scotch popular airs are as old as the middle of the sixteenth century; and though musical antiquaries refer us, for some of our melodies, to so early a period as the fifth century, I am persuaded that there are few, of a *civilized* description, (and by this I mean to exclude all the savage Ceanans cries †,

si on les avoit fait entendre à des hommes d'un naturel aussi vif que les Athéniens.”—*Reflex. sur la Peinture*, &c. tom. 1. sect. 45.

* Dissertation, prefixed to the 2d volume of his *Scottish Ballads*.

† Of which some genuine specimens may be found at the end of Mr. Walker's *Work upon the Irish Bards*. Mr. Bunting has disfigured his last splendid volume by too many of these barbarous rhapsodies.

&c.), which can claim quite so ancient a date as Mr. Pinkerton allows to the Scotch. But music is not the only subject upon which our taste for antiquity is rather unreasonably indulged ; and, however heretical it may be to dissent from these romantic speculations, I cannot help thinking that it is possible to love our country very zealously, and to feel deeply interested in her honour and happiness, without believing that Irish was the language spoken in Paradise* ; that our ancestors were kind enough to take the trouble of polishing the Greeks† ; or that Abaris, the Hyperborean, was a native of the North of Ireland‡.

By some of these archæologists it has been imagined that the Irish were early acquainted with counter-point§ ; and they endeavour to support this conjecture by a well-known passage in Giraldus, where he dilates, with such elaborate praise, upon the beauties of our

* See Advertisement to the Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Dublin.

† O'Halloran, vol. I, part 4, chap. 6.

‡ Id. ib. chap. 7.

§ It is also supposed, but with as little proof, that they understood the diësis, or enharmonic interval.—The Greeks seem to have formed their ears to this delicate gradation of sound ; and, whatever difficulties or objections may lie in the way of its practical use, we must agree with Mersenne, (*Preludes de l'Harmonie*, quest. 7.), that the theory of Music would be imperfect without it ; and, even in practice, (as Tosi, among others, very justly remarks, *Observations on Florid Song*, chap. 1, sect. 16.,) there is no good performer on the violin, who does not make a sensible difference between D sharp and E flat, though, from the imperfection of the instrument, they are the same notes upon the Piano-forte. The effect of modulation by enharmonic transitions is also very striking and beautiful.

national minstrelsy. But the terms of this eulogy are too vague, too deficient in technical accuracy, to prove that even Giraldus himself knew any thing of the artifice of counter-point. There are many expressions in the Greek and Latin writers which might be cited, with much more plausibility, to prove that they understood the arrangement of music in parts* ; yet I believe it is conceded in general by the learned, that, however grand and pathetic the melody of the ancients may have been, it was reserved for the ingenuity of modern Science to transmit the “light of Song” through the variegating prism of Harmony.

Indeed, the irregular scale of the early Irish (in which, as in the music of Scotland, the interval of the fourth was wanting †,) must have furnished but wild

* The words *ποικιλια* and *ετεροφωνια*, in a passage of Plato, and some expressions of Cicero in fragment, lib. 2. de Republ., induced the Abbé Fraguier to maintain that the ancients had a knowledge of counter-point. M. Burette, however, has answered him, I think, satisfactorily. (Examen d'un passage de Platon, in the 3d vol. of *Histoire de l'Acad.*) M. Huet is of opinion, (*Pensées Diverses*,) that what Cicero says of the music of the spheres, in his dream of Scipio, is sufficient to prove an acquaintance with harmony ; but one of the strongest passages, which I recollect, in favour of the supposition, occurs in the Treatise, attributed to Aristotle. *Περί Κόσμου—Μουσική δε ὀξεῖς ἀμα καὶ βαρεῖς κ. τ. λ.*

† Another lawless peculiarity of our Music is the frequency of, what composers call, consecutive fifths ; but this is an irregularity which can hardly be avoided, by persons not very conversant with the rules of composition ; indeed, if I may venture to cite my own wild attempts in this way, it is a fault which I find myself continually committing, and which has sometimes appeared so pleasing to my ear, that I have surrendered it to the critic with considerable reluctance. May there not be a little pedantry in adhering too rigidly to this

and refractory subjects to the harmonist. It was only when the invention of Guido began to be known, and the powers of the harp* were enlarged by additional strings, that our melodies took the sweet character which interests us at present; and while the Scotch persevered in the old mutilation of the scale†, our

rule?—I have been told that there are instances, in Haydn, of an undisguised succession of fifths; and Mr. Shield, in his Introduction to Harmony, seems to intimate that Handel has been sometimes guilty of the same irregularity.

* A singular oversight occurs in an Essay upon the Irish Harp, by Mr. Beauford, which is inserted in the Appendix to Walker's Historical Memoirs.—“The Irish, (says he,) according to Bromton, in the reign of Henry II., had two kinds of Harps, ‘Hibernici tamen in duobus musici generis instrumentis, quamvis præcipitem et velocem, suavem tamen et jucundam,’ the one greatly bold and quick, the other soft and pleasing.”—How a man of Mr. Beauford's learning could so mistake the meaning, and mutilate the grammatical construction of this extract, is unaccountable. The following is the passage, as I find it entire in Bromton; and it requires but little Latin to perceive the injustice which has been done to the words of the old Chronicler:—“Et cum Scotia, hujus terræ filia, utatur lyrâ, tympano et choro, ac Wallia cithara, tubis et choro Hibernici tamen in duobus musici generis instrumentis, *quamvis præcipitem et velocem, suavem tamen et jucundam*, crispatis modutis et intricatis notulis, *efficiunt harmoniam.*” Hist. Anglic. Script. pag. 1075.—I should not have thought this error worth remarking, but that the compiler of the Dissertation on the Harp, prefixed to Mr. Bunting's last Work, has adopted it implicitly.

† The Scotch lay claim to some of our best airs, but there are strong traits of difference between their melodies and ours. They had formerly the same passion for robbing us of our Saints, and the learned Dempster was, for this offence, called “The Saint Stealer.” I suppose it was an Irishman, who, by way of reprisal, stole Dempster's beautiful wife from him at Pisa.—See this anecdote in the *Pinacotheca* of Erythræus, part I, page 25.

music became gradually more amenable to the laws of harmony and counter-point.

In profiting, however, by the improvements of the moderns, our style still kept its originality sacred from their refinements ; and though Carolan had frequent opportunities of hearing the works of Geminiani and other masters, we but rarely find him sacrificing his native simplicity to the ambition of their ornaments, or affectation of their science. In that curious composition, indeed, called his Concerto, it is evident that he laboured to imitate Corelli ; and this union of manners, so very dissimilar, produces the same kind of uneasy sensation which is felt at a mixture of different styles of architecture. In general, however, the artless flow of our music has preserved itself free from all tinge of foreign innovation*, and the chief corruptions of which we have to complain, arise from the unskilful performance of our own itinerant musicians, from whom, too frequently, the airs are noted down, encumbered by their tasteless decorations, and responsi-

* Among other false refinements of the art, our music (with the exception perhaps of the air called "Mamma, Mamma," and one or two more of the same ludicrous description,) has avoided that puerile mimicry of natural noises, motions, &c., which disgraces so often the works of even the great Handel himself. D'Alembert ought to have had better taste than to become the patron of this imitative affectation.—*Discours Préliminaire de l'Encyclopédie*. The reader may find some good remarks on the subject in Avison upon Musical Expression; a work, which, though under the name of Avison, was written, it is said, by Dr. Brown.

ble for all their ignorant anomalies. Though it be sometimes impossible to trace the original strain, yet, in most of them, “*auri per ramos *aura* refulget **,” the pure gold of the melody shines through the ungraceful foliage which surrounds it, and the most delicate and difficult duty of a compiler is to endeavour, as much as possible, by retrenching these inelegant superfluities, and collating the various methods of playing or singing each air, to restore the regularity of its form, and the chaste simplicity of its character.

I must again observe, that, in doubting the antiquity of our music, my scepticism extends but to those polished specimens of the art, which it is difficult to conceive anterior to the dawn of modern improvement ; and that I would by no means invalidate the claims of Ireland to as early a rank in the annals of minstrelsy, as the most zealous antiquary may be inclined to allow her. In addition, indeed, to the power which music must always have possessed over the minds of a people so ardent and susceptible, the stimulus of persecution was not wanting to quicken our taste into enthusiasm ; the charms of song were ennobled with the glories of martyrdom, and the acts against minstrels, in the reigns of Henry VIII. and Elizabeth, were as successful, I doubt not, in making my countrymen musicians, as the penal laws have been in keeping them Catholics.

* Virgil, *Æneid*, lib. 6. v. 204.†

With respect to the verses which I have written for these Melodies, as they are intended rather to be sung than read, I can answer for their sound with somewhat more confidence than their sense ; yet it would be affectation to deny that I have given much attention to the task, and that it is not through want of zeal or industry, if I unfortunately disgrace the sweet airs of my country, by poetry altogether unworthy of their taste, their energy, and their tenderness.

Though the humble nature of my contributions to this work may exempt them from the rigours of literary criticisms, it was not to be expected that those touches of political feeling, those tones of national complaint, in which the poetry sometimes sympathizes with the music, would be suffered to pass without censure or alarm. It has been accordingly said, that the tendency of this publication is mischievous*, and that I have chosen these airs but as a vehicle of dangerous politics—as fair and precious vessels (to borrow an image of St. Augustin†,) from which the wine of error might be administered. To those who identify nationality with treason, and who see, in every effort for Ireland, a system of hostility towards England,—to those too, who, nursed in the gloom of prejudice, are alarmed by

* See Letters, under the signatures of Timæus, &c., in the *Morning Post*, *Pilot*, and other papers.

† “ Non accuso verba, quasi vasa electa atque pretiosa ; sed vinum erroris, quod cum eis nobis propinatur.”—Lib. I. Confess. chap. 16.

the faintest gleam of liberality, that threatens to disturb their darkness ; like that Demophon of old, who, when the shun shone upon him, shivered* !—to such men I shall not deign to apologize, for the warmth of any political sentiment which may occur in the course of these pages. But as there are many, among the more wise and tolerant, who, with feeling enough to mourn over the wrongs of their country, and sense enough to perceive all the danger of not redressing them, may yet think that allusions, in the least degree bold or inflammatory, should be avoided in a publication of this popular description—I beg of these respected persons to believe, that there is no one who deprecates more sincerely than I do, any appeal to the passions of an ignorant and angry multitude ; but that it is not through that gross and inflammable region of society, a work of this nature could ever have been intended to circulate. It looks much higher for its audience and readers—it is found upon the piano-fortes of the rich and the educated—of those who can afford to have their national zeal a little stimulated, without exciting much dread of the excesses into which it may hurry them ; and of many whose nerves may be, now and then, alarmed with advantage, as much more is to be gained by their fears, than could ever be expected from their justice.

* This emblem of modern bigots was head-butler (τραπεζοποιοις) to Alexander the Great.—*Sext. Empir. Pyrrh. Hypoth. Lib. 1.*

Having thus adverted to the principal objection, which has been hitherto made to the poetical part of this work, allow me to add a few words, in defence of my ingenious coadjutor, Sir John Stevenson, who has been accused of having spoiled the simplicity of the airs, by the chromatic richness of his symphonies, and the elaborate variety of his harmonies. We might cite the example of the admirable Haydn, who has sported through all the mazes of musical science, in his arrangement of the simplest Scottish melodies; but it appears to me, that Sir John Stevenson has brought a national feeling to this task, which it would be in vain to expect from a foreigner, however tasteful or judicious. Through many of his own compositions we trace a vein of Irish sentiment, which points him out as peculiarly suited to catch the spirit of his country's music; and, far from agreeing with those critics, who think that his symphonies have nothing kindred with the airs which they introduce, I would say that, in general, they resemble those illuminated initials of old manuscripts, which are of the same character with the writing which follows, though more highly coloured * and more curiously ornamented.

In those airs, which are arranged for voices, his skill has particularly distinguished itself, and, though it cannot be denied that a single melody most naturally

* The word "chromatic" might have been used here, without any violence to its meaning.

expresses the language of feeling and passion, yet often, when a favourite strain has been dismissed, as having lost its charm of novelty for the ear, it returns, in a harmonized shape, with new claims upon our interest and attention; and to those who study the delicate artifices of composition, the construction of the inner parts of these pieces must afford, I think, considerable satisfaction. Every voice has an air to itself, a flowing succession of notes, which might be heard with pleasure, independent of the rest, so artfully has the harmonist (if I may thus express it) *gavelled* the melody, distributing an equal portion of its sweetness to every part.

If your Ladyship's love of Music were not known to me, I should not have hazarded so long a letter upon the subject; but as, probably, I may have presumed too far upon your partiality, the best revenge you can take is to write me just as long a letter upon Painting; and I promise to attend to your theory of the art, with a pleasure only surpassed by that, which I have so often derived from your practice of it.—May the mind which such talents adorn, continue calm as it is bright, and happy as it is virtuous!

Believe me, your Ladyship's

Grateful Friend and Servant,

THOMAS MOORE.

The garden is a place of great beauty and interest. It is a place where the sun and moon are seen in their full glory. The garden is a place where the flowers are in their full bloom. The garden is a place where the trees are in their full leaf. The garden is a place where the birds are in their full song. The garden is a place where the bees are in their full hum. The garden is a place where the butterflies are in their full flight. The garden is a place where the children are in their full play. The garden is a place where the old are in their full rest. The garden is a place where the young are in their full growth. The garden is a place where the world is in its full beauty.



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ADVERTISEMENT

TO THE

FOURTH NUMBER.

THIS Number of the MELODIES ought to have appeared much earlier ; and the writer of the words is ashamed to confess, that the delay of its publication must be imputed chiefly, if not entirely, to him. He finds it necessary to make this avowal, not only for the purpose of removing all blame from the publisher, but in consequence of a rumour, which has been circulated industriously in Dublin, that the Irish Government had interfered to prevent the continuance of the Work.

This would be, indeed, a revival of HENRY the Eighth's enactments against Minstrels, and it is flattering to find that so much importance is attached to our compilation, even by such persons as the inventors of the report. Bishop LOWTH, it is true, was of this opinion, that *one* song, like the *Hymn to Harmodius*, would have done more towards rousing the spirit of the Romans, than *all* the philippics of CICERO. But we live in wiser and less musical times ; ballads have

long lost their revolutionary powers, and we question if even a "Lillibullero" would produce any very *serious* consequences at present. It is needless, therefore, to add, that there is no truth in the report ; and we trust that whatever belief it obtained was founded more upon the character of *the Government* than of *the Work*.

The *Airs* of the last Number, though full of originality and beauty, were, perhaps, in general, too curiously selected to become all at once as popular as, we think, they deserve to be. The Public are remarkably reserved towards new acquaintances in music, which, perhaps, is one of the reasons why many modern composers introduce none but old friends to their notice. Indeed, it is natural that persons, who love music only by association, should be slow in feeling the charms of a new and strange melody ; while those, who have a quick sensibility for this enchanting art, will as naturally seek and enjoy novelty, because in every variety of strain they find a fresh combination of ideas, and the sound has scarcely reached the ear, before the heart has rapidly translated it into sentiment. After all, however, it cannot be denied that the most popular of our National *Airs* are also the most beautiful ; and it has been our wish in the present Number, to select from those Melodies only which have long been listened to and admired. The least known in the collection is the Air of "*Loves young*

dream ;" but it is one of those easy, artless strangers, whose merit the heart acknowledges instantly.

T. M.

Bury Street, St. James's,
Nov. 1811.





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TO THE
FIFTH NUMBER.

It is but fair to those, who take an interest in this Work, to state that it is now very near its termination, and that the Sixth Number, which shall speedily appear, will, most probably, be the last of the series. Three Volumes will then have been completed, according to the original plan, and the Proprietors desire me to say that a List of Subscribers will be published with the concluding Number.

It is not so much from a want of materials, and still less from any abatement of zeal or industry, that we have adopted the resolution of bringing our task to a close ; but we feel so proud, for our country's sake and our own, of the interest which this purely Irish Work has excited, and so anxious lest a particle of that interest should be lost, by any ill-judged protraction

its existence, that we think it wiser to take away the cup from the lip, while its flavour is yet, we trust, fresh and sweet, than to risk any longer trial of the charm, or give so much as not to leave some wish for more. In speaking thus I allude entirely to the *Airs*,

which are, of course, the main attraction of these Volumes; and though we have still many popular and delightful Melodies to produce*, yet it cannot be denied that we should soon experience some difficulty, in equalling the richness and novelty of the earlier Numbers, for which, as we had the choice of all before us, we naturally selected only the most rare and beautiful. The Poetry, too, would be sure to sympathize with the decline of the Music; and however feebly my words have kept pace with the *excellence* of the Airs, they would follow their *falling off*, I fear, with wonderful alacrity. So that, altogether, both pride and prudence counsel us to stop, while the Work is yet, we believe, flourishing and attractive, and in the imperial attitude "*stantes mori*," before we incur the charge either of altering for the worse, or, what is equally unpardonable, continuing too long the same.

We beg, however, to say, it is only in the event of our failing to find Airs as exquisite as most of those we have given, that we mean thus to anticipate the natural period of dissolution, like those Indians who put their relatives to death when they become feeble:—and they who wish to retard this Euthanasia of the Irish

* Among these is *Savourna Deelish*, which I have hitherto only withheld from the diffidence I feel in treading upon the same ground with Mr. Campbell, whose beautiful words to this fine Air have taken too strong possession of all ears and hearts, for me to think of producing any impression after him. I suppose, however, I must attempt it for the next Number.

Melodies, cannot better effect it than by contributing to our collection, not what are called curious *Airs*, for we have abundance of them, and they are, in general, *only* curious, but any really sweet and expressive Songs of our Country, which either chance or research may have brought into their hands.

T. M.

Mayfield Cottage, Ashbourne,
December, 1813.

The wedding of the gods is a scene of great festivity and joy. The gods are gathered together in a grand hall, and the music and dancing are heard throughout the palace. The gods are dressed in their most magnificent robes, and the atmosphere is one of pure happiness. The wedding is a celebration of the union of the divine, and it is a sight to behold.



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TO THE

SIXTH NUMBER.

IN presenting this Sixth Number to the Public as our last, and bidding adieu to the Irish Harp for ever, we shall not answer very confidently for the strength of our resolution, nor feel quite sure that it may not prove, after all, to be only one of those eternal farewells which a lover takes of his mistress occasionally. Our only motive, indeed, for discontinuing the Work, was a fear that our treasures were beginning to be exhausted, and an unwillingness to descend to the gathering of mere seed-pearl, after the very valuable gems it has been our lot to string together. But this intention, which we announced in our Fifth Number, has excited an anxiety in the lovers of Irish Music, not only pleasant and flattering, but highly useful to us ; for the various contributions we have received in consequence, have enriched our collection with so many choice and beautiful *Airs*, that if we kept to our resolution of publishing no more, it will certainly be an instance of forbearance and

self-command, unexampled in the history of poets and musicians. To one Gentleman in particular, who has been many years resident in England, but who has not forgot among his various pursuits, either the language or the melodies of his native country, we beg to offer our best thanks for the many interesting communications with which he has favoured us ; and we trust that he and our other friends will not relax in those efforts by which we have been so considerably assisted ; for though the Work must now be considered as defunct, yet—as Reaumur, the naturalist, found out the art of making the cicada sing after it was dead—it is not impossible that, some time or other, we may try a similar experiment upon the Irish Melodies.

T. M.

Mayfield, Ashbourne,

March, 1815.

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TO THE

SEVENTH NUMBER.

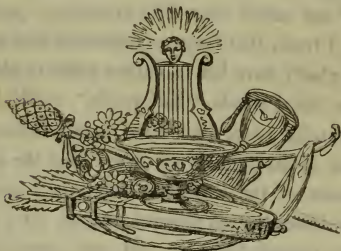
IF I had consulted only my own judgment, this Work would not have extended beyond the Six Numbers already published ; which contain, perhaps, the flower of our national melodies, and have attained a rank in public favour, of which I would not willingly risk the forfeiture, by degenerating, in any way, from those merits that were its source. Whatever treasures of our music were still in reserve, (and it will be seen, I trust, that they are numerous and valuable,) I would gladly have left to future poets to glean, and, with the ritual words "*tibi trado*," would have delivered up the torch into other hands, before it had lost much of its light in my own. But the call for a continuance of the work has been, as I understand from the Publisher, so general, and we have received so many contributions of old and beautiful airs*,

* One Gentleman, in particular, whose name I shall feel happy in being allowed to mention, has not only sent us nearly forty ancient airs, but has communicated many curious fragments of Irish poetry,

the suppression of which, for the enhancement of those we have published, would resemble too much the policy of the Dutch in burning their spices, that I have been persuaded, though not without considerable diffidence in my success, to commence a new series of the Irish Melodies.

T. M.

and some interesting traditions, current in the country where he resides, illustrated by sketches of the romantic scenery to which they refer; all of which, though too late for the present Number, will be of infinite service to us in the prosecution of our task.





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LONDON:
Printed by W. CLOWES, Northumberland-Court.

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BY

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Go where Glory waits thee
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When he who adores thee
The Harp that once
Fly not yet!
Oh! think not my Spirits
Tho' the last Glimpse of Erin
Rich and rare were the Gems
As a beam o'er the face of the
The Meeting of the Waters

No. II.

St. Senanus and the Lady
How dear to me the Hour
Take back the virgin Page
The Legacy—(When in death I shall
calm recline)
The Dirge—(How oft has the Ben-
shee cried!)
We may roam thro' this World
Eveleen's Bower—(Oh! weep for
the Hour)
Let Erin remember the Days of old
Silent, oh Moyle! be the roar of
Come, send round the Wine
Sublime was the Warning
Believe me, if all those endearing

No. III.

Cean dubh Delish
The snowy-breasted Pearl
Planxty Johnstone
Captain Megan
Erin, oh! Erin—(Like the bright
Lamp)
Drink to her
Oh! blame not the Bard
While gazing on the Moon's Light
When Day-light was yet sleeping
Before the Battle—(By the Hope
within us springing)
After the Battle
Oh! 'tis sweet to think
The Irish Peasant to his Mistress
When thro' Life unblest we rove
It is not the Tear at this Moment
'Tis believ'd that this Harp

No. IV.

Love's young Dream—(Oh! the
Days are gone)
The Prince's Day—(Tho' dark are
our Sorrows)
Weep on, weep on
Lesbia hath a beaming Eye
I saw thy Form in youthful Prime
By that lake whose gloomy Shore
She is far from the Land
Nay, tell me not
Avenging and bright
What the Bee is to the Floweret
Love and the Novice—(Here we
dwell in holiest Bowers)
This Life is all chequered

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No. V.

Thro' Erin's Isle
At the mid Hour of Night
One bumper at Parting !
'Tis the last Rose of Summ
The young May Moon
The Minstrel Boy
The Valley lay smiling before me
Oh! had we some bright little Isle
Farewell! but whenever you
Oh! doubt me not
You remember Ellen
I'd mourn the Hopes that leave me

No. VI.

Come o'er the Sea
Has Sorrow thy young Days shaded
No, not more welcome
When first I met thee
While History's Muse
The Time I've lost in wooing
Oh! where's the Slave?
Come, rest in this Bosom
'Tis gone, and for ever
I saw from the Beach
Fill the bumper fair
Dear Harp of my Country

No. VII.

My gentle Harp, once more I
As slow our ship her foamy track
In the Morning of Life, when its
When cold in the Earth lies the
Remember thee! yes, while there's
Wreath the Bowl
Whene'er I see those smiling Eyes
If thou'lt be mine, the Treasures
To Ladies' Eyes a Round, Boy
Forget not the Field where they
They may rail at this Life
Oh for the Swords of former Time!

No. VIII.

Ne'er ask the Hour
Sail on, sail on
The Parallel
Drink of this Cup
The Fortune-teller
Oh ye Dead!
O'Donohue's Mistress
The Echo
Oh banquet not
Thee, thee, only thee
Shall the Harp, then, be silent?
Oh the sight entrancing

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Dost thou remember? *Portuguese*
Fare thee well! thou lovely one! *Sicilian*
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Oh! come to me when daylight sets *Venetian*
Oft in the stilly night *Scotch*
Reason, Folly, and Beauty *Italian*
Should those fond hopes *Portuguese*
So warmly we met *Hungarian*
Those evening bells *The bells of St. Petersburg*
Hark! the vesper hymn is stealing' *Russian*

